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THE MISSING LINK IN THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, OR DERIVATIVE CREATION.

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I DO not know that I have done wisely in venturing to discuss a subject which lies within the domain of physical science, to a special knowledge of which I make no claim. It is a subject, however, upon which I, like other unscientific readers, have formed opinions not at all in accord with those confidently put forward by men who may be regarded as best qualified to speak authoritatively. The views of Darwin, of Huxley, and of Wallace, are well known. Mr. Mivart, in a large measure, agrees with them. Perhaps of the eminent scientific men of our day, Professor Owen is almost the only one who has not been drawn into the current, and who has not cut himself adrift from the theory of design, and the doctrine of direct creation, and to my mind, he is the most convincing of the writers I have named.

The subject of the origin of life is, to many, a subject of very great interest; to others it possesses no interest at all. There are very many intelligent people who are astonished that scientific men adhere to the hypothesis that man has descended in point of time, and ascended in point of structure and intelligence, from some inferior form of organic life.

They cannot help thinking that holding to such an opinion is an evidence of intellectual weakness or of moral perversion. They regard it as an indication of a desire on the part of scientists to place themselves in antagonism to the Christian religion.

I will not say that this opinion is wholly without foundation. Conclusions are sometimes drawn from imperfect data; but I may observe that the theories of evolution and of natural selection, as explanations of the genesis of species, are not so obviously untenable as to justify their immediate rejection. On the contrary, they are very specious; so much so, that to most students of modern science, they appear like truisms.

It is my purpose in this article to bring under the attention of my readers some of the phenomena of life and its environments upon which the doctrine of evolution rests. I purpose also to state why, I think, the conclusions drawn are not warranted by the facts. I shall endeavor to point out many facts which evolution cannot explain. It is safe to say, that any scientific hypothesis, which can satisfactorily account for the facts, which observation brings under our

attention, may be fairly accepted by scientific men; but where large classes of facts are wholly at variance with an hypothesis, it would be a departure from scientific methods to adopt such an hypothesis.

I may also say that there are many missing links which evolution has not discovered; which we know do not exist; which an exact science would lead us to expect, in order to bridge over the immense chasm, which divides the human race, from all the animal kingdom below them. I do not propose to search for hypoglyphs and calibans; I propose rather to consider certain scientific hypotheses, which, in the minds of the unscientific followers of scientific men, are regarded as conclusively establishing the proposition that life is a property of matter, from its lowest to its highest form, and does not much differ from the phenomenon of crystallization in the mineral kingdom. Inferences have been drawn from the doctrine of evolution, which eliminate the soul from man, and the Creator from the universe.

I am not going to discuss, at this moment, the question whether or not the creation of the organic world is direct or derivative. The question of a Creator or no Creator, is not involved in the question as to the method of Divine operation; nor can we decide *a priori* how the work of creation is, or has been, carried on. The method of creation is a question which science may or may not solve, but which so far, from my point of view, it has not solved—at all events, I do not see that its deductions, as presented in evolution, are at all conclusive in favor of the theory of derivative creation.

All science consists of two elements, facts and inferences—observation and reasoning on the facts observed.

The tendency, of late, has been to extend the domain of science into regions which lie wholly beyond its own domain. But such regions

science cannot expect to hold. They must be surrendered whenever its right of dominion is, in such regions, fairly contested.

Some people see in the material world about them, and in the phenomena which it presents, a sufficient cause for all that is. They observe a certain uniformity in the operations of nature, in modes of existence, and in the sequences which they denominate, laws of nature, and they think a personal Creator unnecessary. To them, a belief in uniformity is exclusive of a belief in a Creator. There are others who admit that a Creator is necessary, at the beginning of things, to establish certain laws for the regulation of matter in time and space; to endow it with certain properties, amongst which are organic life, growth, and appetency, and this being done, He has no need to give to his work, either supervision or care; and that, for all purposes of science, He has practically withdrawn himself from the universe.

Let me say that science knows nothing of the eternity of matter, or of the eternity of natural laws. Let me suppose for a moment,—it is possible in supposition, and is not at all an improbable hypothesis,—that the material of our globe was, at one time, diffused throughout space; that it possessed, as it now possesses, the property of attraction; the whole mass would, of course, move to a common centre. But in conception, we may go back to a time when matter came into existence, for we cannot conceive of its existing from eternity in a nebulous state. It is impossible to conceive, along with the notion of eternal existence, a time when the material of our globe began to consolidate, and to pass through these various revolutions which geology discloses. When we examine the crusts of the earth, we find written upon stratum after stratum, in indelible characters, the beginning, the duration, and the end of successive ages, each of

which carries us back farther, and still farther in time, until we reach a beginning,—no matter whether those epochs were long or short, we get in duration to a point beyond them. If you assume that matter has always existed, it is impossible to explain how it is, that these geological changes which the earth exhibits, did not take place infinite ages earlier; how it is, that all the changes which it may yet undergo, had not already occurred, far back in the illimitable past. There is but one other thing possible in conception, and it is this: that through long enduring cycles of time, the universe was formed into order, from chaos, reached its maturity, was dissolved into chaos, and again reformed, directed by no intelligence, designed for the accomplishment of no purpose. This is no doubt possible in conception, but I hope to be able to show, that the world exhibits so many instances of adaptation and coadaptation, as to make it clear that such a view, is wholly at variance with facts.

Everything in the world about us points back to a beginning. We have at present many forms of life which are comparatively modern, and which the earth, at one time, could not have sustained. There are many extinct forms for which the present condition of the world is not fitted. We can mark these changes, we can trace them back step by step, until we reach a period, when, upon our globe, no form of life could exist. Then it was in a state of chaos,—when the waters covered it, when the atmosphere was loaded with vapours, and darkness rested upon the face of the deep. How came life here? How have the successive forms of life originated? You are aware that some scientific men have maintained that life itself is a property of matter. These men have propounded the theory of spontaneous generation. The scientific world have before them an account of the numerous experiments of Cross, Pasteur, Tyndal, and others, upon this subject.

These experiments have borne testimony against the theory of spontaneous generation, and there are few scientific men of our day who hold to the doctrine. Mr. Huxley admits that those who hold to biogenesis have been victorious all along the line. But scientific men are disposed to carry back the work of indirect creation to the protoplasm. They hold that all the variations which we see in the animal and vegetable kingdom have been derived from one or two primordial forms. They maintain that all others have been evolved from these. According to this view, the work of direct creation ended with a protoplasm; that at this point derivative creation began, and that each successive type has been evolved from that which stands next below it. We have, say they, many forces operating to produce evolution amongst them, the survival of the fittest, and the influence of natural selection.

The doctrine of evolution did not spring up suddenly. We have had several theories as to the derivation of species, put forward at different times. A work was published nearly half a century ago, entitled "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*." In this work, the writer pointed out that life, in the most highly organized animals, always began at the lowest point in the animal kingdom; and he inferred that this was the primitive form of all life; that by a law of nature, development at long intervals, passed by sudden strides into a higher species,—into one having a more complete organism, and a higher degree of intelligence, until animal life finally assumed the human form. This work was attributed to Mr. Robert Chambers. It produced a very great sensation at the time, and before it had wholly fallen into neglect, another theory of derivative creation was put forward by Mr. Charles Darwin. Perhaps I ought not to say creation, because Mr. Darwin does not know whether there is a Creator or not. He maintains, however,

the derivation of species. He holds that variations in the forms of life have been produced by environing influences, operating for thousands of years, causing slow and imperceptible departures from the original type. According to this view the physical forces which operate upon successive generations, through long periods of time, must produce numerous divergences which become grouped into sub-kingdoms, and life in one case becomes a mollusc, in another a reptile, in another a bird, and in another a mammal.

There can be no doubt that important modifications are made, both in plants and in animals, by climatic changes. The character of a plant may be greatly modified by the soil from which it grows, by moisture, temperature, and light; and important modifications are produced in animals by the variation of the food upon which they subsist. The plumage of birds changes its color with changes in its food; and the gizzard has, it is argued, been sometimes changed to a stomach, by the substitution of animal for vegetable food; but these variations are confined within certain limitations, which I shall discuss later on.

We may suppose a low section of country near the sea-coast, upon which certain plants grow luxuriantly. Should such a coast be suddenly elevated to a considerable height, these plants would probably perish. But if, instead of this, the elevation of the land, or the subsidence of the sea went on very slowly, like the shores of the Baltic, where the elevation does not exceed two feet in a century, the plants might become acclimated to the changes to which they would be subjected. They would have a colder atmosphere, with less moisture; and the vegetation would undergo certain modifications, to adjust itself to its altered environments. There can be no doubt that the flora of the country, after it became elevated

far above the sea, would be quite different from the same flora at a lower level, with a higher temperature, and a greater amount of humidity in the atmosphere. A new variety of plants would be produced; but I am not ready to admit that a new species would be called into existence by these altered conditions.

There is, too, what Lamarck calls "appetency"—the result of individual effort and desire continuing through many generations to adapt the creature more perfectly to all its surrounding circumstances. According to the doctrine of appetency, a hog striving to reach with its snout the overhanging branches of any tree or shrub from which it might be obtaining food, would by its efforts impart to its offspring a tendency to an elongation of the nose, which would modify the appearance of the animal more and more, through successive generations, until some of the swine species would be changed into tapirs and others into elephants. These derived species would be carried still further from the original type, from the universal tendency to over production and the survival of the fittest.

Let me call attention briefly to the rapidity with which the limits of sustenance are reached, and the struggle for existence must begin. I will take a pair of birds to illustrate this fact. "Let me suppose," says one writer, "that a pair of birds hatch four young ones in a year, and that they do this for four years, and that each young pair, at the end of the first year, multiply in the same proportion, and for the same time, this would be a very moderate rate of increase, and yet at the end of fifteen years, there would be two thousand millions of birds." Were there no restraint, the world would, in an incredibly short period, be overrun with every species of creature found in the animal kingdom. But the process of destruction is constantly going forward, and one species of animals is sustained by

subsisting upon some other species of animals. Starvation and disease take away the less fit. The stronger and more vigorous escape extermination. The fittest survive, and may survive, in such a way, and by such means as produce important modifications in the species. The hog that is evolved into a tapir, when the means of subsistence becomes scarce, first devours the appropriate kind of food that is within easy reach; but when this is gone, it is obliged to reach higher and higher, until the means of subsistence is no longer accessible to the smaller animals. These, then, perish from starvation, leaving those that are the largest, and possessed of the longest probosces, as the only survivors and propagators of a race after their own type.

Mr. Darwin instances the appearance of the birds, reptiles, and plants which he observed on the Gallipagos Islands, as illustrations of his theory. He mentions the fact that these islands are five hundred miles away from the coast of South America; that the vegetation, the birds, and the reptiles, all resemble those on the main land, yet they are, in many respects, quite different from them. Besides the modifications produced by the vicissitudes which I have mentioned, Mr. Darwin also mentions the variation by election, among animals which mate.

The microscope and the scalpel show that there are several primitive types of animated creation, the radiata, molusca, articulata, and vertebrata. It would be very difficult, indeed, to show that these different forms of life could be transmuted from one sub-kingdom into another.

There are certain archetypes, or Divine forms, if I may be allowed the expression, around which the various species of animals found in the world, group themselves.

In looking at the animal kingdom you find the external forms and internal structures of several species bear

a very close resemblance to each other. Sometimes there is great resemblance in the osseous system, where the external resemblance is but very slight. The skeleton of the horse, the seal, and the rhinoceros are much the same, but the external appearance of these animals is very unlike the one to the other. I do not think that it at all follows, from similarity of structure, that these different species have had a common ancestry. The principles of biology, and the relation of the earth itself to the animal kingdom, may have rendered these resemblances necessary. They may be the result of vital forces that science has not yet taken into account. They may indicate unity of plan in creation, from which no departure is made without a specific necessity. They may indicate one Creator rather than one ancestry.

It was a subject of dispute by the nominalists and realists, whether there was any general thing, apart from a particular species. The realists said there is no such thing as a tree, apart from a species. They said you cannot speak of a rock without its being of some particular kind of a rock. Now, I am not going to argue here either side of this old dispute; but with regard to the animal kingdom, there are whole groups of animals, each species of which is a modification of some archetype, which may not, at any time, have had a living representative. I might take the whole class of felines as one instance, the anthropoids as another, and the pachydermatous animals as a third group. Each of these groups has its archetype, but it does not follow that this archetype is a common ancestor, or that it ever had a real existence.

There are no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand species of animals in the world, but they have all been created after four distinct types, and, within each of these types, or sub-kingdoms, there is a very considerable range of variation. The crab or lobster begins life at the bottom of

its sub-kingdom, in the form of a worm, and it passes through each succeeding stage, until it reaches the form of a perfect animal.

The heart of the highest type of animals is, at the dawn of life, but a single tube. As it progresses in its embryological growth, it consists of two parts, like that of the fish; then of three divisions, like that of the reptile; then of four divisions, like others of its own species. Each specie comes up through the various forms of structural growth which preceded within its own sub-kingdom. Many of those abortive physiological features and organs, which are referred to by evolutionists as proofs of development from lower forms of animal life, are nothing more than the no longer required aids to transformation, during the period of embryological growth, which embryology alone, can satisfactorily explain. The nervous organism of the child is successively that of the fish, reptile, bird, squirrel, deer, dog, ape, and up to the perfect organism of man. While the nervous organism corresponds to that of one of the lower types of animal life, the tendency is to develop corresponding organs, even though wholly unnecessary when existence is perfected. The gill marks appear early, and are abandoned when a higher state of nervous complexity is reached. At a later period the false stomach is begun, and ceases to grow when a higher range of life is entered upon. This does not prove that the human race has been developed from these different forms of animal life, as perfected living creatures. It shows that life, under the creative energies of God, moves, so to speak, along certain lines. These lines are extremely few. In the same sub-kingdom they differ in length, but not in origin or direction. In one class, life moves only from *a* to *b*, in another it continues to *d*, in a third to *f*. There are certain environing influences which develop variations in structural growth—which introduce new forms at that

point, where life rounds off and completes existence in those of a lower type.

The animals of North America differ from those of Europe in the same latitude. Those of South America differ from those of Africa. On the Eastern Continent, there is the European in the north-west, the Mongolian in the east, the Malay in the south-east, the African Negro south of the Mediterranean, and the Hottentot in the extreme south. On this continent, the same race peopled the country from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. If climate, food, and environing influences were the forces by which differences of race were originated, we would expect to find the differences on this continent quite as marked as in the old world. We would also expect to find everywhere the same race, where the external influences were alike.

It has been remarked that the Ourangs of Africa are black, and so are the people. The Ourangs of India are chocolate colored, and so, too, are the people. The Ourangs of Africa have long heads, and so have the Negroes. The Ourangs of farther India have short heads, and the heads of the Malays are also short but does it follow that the people of each country have sprung from the Anthropoids? In some parts of the Andes, where the people are living a long way above the level of the sea, and where the air is greatly rarified, they have unusually large thoraxes, and so too have their donkeys, not because the donkeys are the ancestors of the people, but because they are both subject to the same physical influences.

The historical order of creation is undoubtedly one of progressive development, not by the evolution of higher forms of life from those that are below them, but by the successive creation of new species of a higher and more complicated organism.

Doctor Virchow says, that the ancient bog and lake dwellers had heads not inferior in form or capacity,

to the people of to-day; that the more we learn of prehistoric man, the farther we are removed from the theory of progressive development. No doubt we are becoming more civilized. No doubt we are attaining to clearer conceptions of truth and duty, but this has been brought about, not by increased cranial capacity, but by a wider range of knowledge, a higher general standard of attainment, and by greater equality among men.

It will be found that the genesis of species as advocated by Mr. Darwin, when closely investigated, breaks down at every point. Let me take by way of illustration, the relative proportion of the sexes. How is it that this proportion is observed. It is not a mere matter of accident; from the lowest to the highest forms of life the equilibrium is maintained. Here are a dozen of birds' eggs. They are of about the same size. When they are hatched the young brood look very much the same. Soon, however, they begin to develop differences. When they arrive at maturity, the males are nearly twice the size of the females; they are clad in the most brilliant plumage, while the females are possessed of a very sober and plain attire. Mr. Darwin attempts to account for this difference by saying that the more brilliant female birds have been killed off by birds and beasts of prey; and in this way he accounts for the deference between the plumage of the males and the females. With all deference to Mr. Darwin, I must say that this is a most absurd explanation. No one who will reflect for a moment, can fail to see, that if the more brilliant plumaged female birds were destroyed, and only the sober-colored survived, this would produce a deterioration in the color of the offspring generally; the one sex would not be more affected by it than the other. The effect of such an event would be to diminish, generally, the brilliancy of the plumage of the whole species. The female birds, during the

period of incubation, except in the case of birds of prey, are more exposed to danger than their mates. In the case of birds of prey, the female is often larger and stronger than the male, and the plumage is not less brilliant; but in the case of other birds, the plain colors of the females, which often correspond to their surroundings, are better adapted to protect them against discovery by their enemies. What is this but coadaptation by the Creator to surrounding environments, to prevent the extermination of the species.

We observe also in the animal kingdom an adaptation of the species to the condition of existence. The web-foot and the feathers of the water fowl, the structure of the legs of perching birds, the spike feathers in the tail of the Chimney Swallow, the barbed tongue of the Wood-pecker, with which it pierces the larva of the borer; the Cross-bill which opens with its beak the cones of the fir trees, are familiar instances. The foot of the Reindeer, the stomach of the Camel, the white fur of the Hare, Ermine, and Weasel during the winter season, are also further instances. The Tiger that lives in the jungle, and among the reeds, is of a tan color, streaked with black, exactly suited to the light and shade of its home, and well calculated to conceal it from its victims; but the Leopard, which is of the same color, and lies concealed among the branches of the trees, is differently marked. It is splashed with black, so that its color is suited to the forms of light and shade where it conceals itself, and serves equally well to hide it from the view of the animals upon which it preys. The Tree-toad changes its color instantly, to suit its surroundings. The teeth of the non-poisonous serpents, which kill their food as they swallow it, are all set inclining backwards. They are the only prehensile organs which they possess, and the more their victim exerts itself to escape, the more firmly is it held.

Poisonous reptiles, on the other hand, kill their food before swallowing it, and they have no teeth except their poisonous fangs. The egg-eating serpents have their teeth in their throats. These are instances of coadaptation. Can any one suppose that it was the eating of eggs through many successive generations, that caused the teeth to grow in the throat of this kind of ophidian reptile? Why are they not grown in the mouth as in the case of other serpents? If you were to ask the naturalist why its teeth were in its throat, and not in its mouth, he would tell you that snakes have no lips, and that if the egg was broken in the snake's mouth it would be wasted instead of being swallowed, but when the teeth are in the snake's throat the egg is broken and swallowed at the same time; in other words, its anatomical structure is adapted to the food upon which the reptile was intended to subsist.

Let us now consider whether there really is a law of derivative creation, which embraces man, and whether the rudiments of mind, as well as similarity in anatomical structure, are found in the lower animals. Let us consider whether humanity, with its aspirations, its hopes, and its fears, is the natural produce of the faculties and instincts of brutes; whether the moral sense is a modified form of selfishness, based upon experience? Can man, physically and mentally, be accounted for upon the theory of evolution? It is very true, that the anatomical structure of man and the Anthropoids is much the same. In fact, all of the mammalian genus are of much the same anatomical structure. The skeleton of the horse and of the rhinoceros are very nearly alike. There is a similarity of blood and of tissue in the whole of the mammalian class; this is shown by similarity of diseases, hydrophobia, smallpox, scarletina, typhoid fever, glanders, pneumonia, and many other affections. The muscle by which a horse moves its skin is found

under the skin of the scalp and forehead of many people. Mr. Wood has described the muscular variations in man. He mentions seven in one subject, and every one of these variations was exactly like the normal structure in a certain kind of apes. Mr. Wood says he regards this as representing some unknown factor; that is, latent, except under certain circumstances. According to Mr. Darwin's views, these variations are simply exhibitions of a tendency to return to the original type, from which we have sprung. I do not think they can be so accounted for. No doubt there is a tendency in animals to return to an original type, by a loss of those variations which have arisen from domestication. The improved pig, which bears scarcely any resemblance to the wild boar, if allowed to resume his primitive habits and mode of life, will also resume his primitive structure. His color will become the same. His hair will grow thick and long. His legs will grow larger and longer. His head will become much larger, and his tusks will again become formidable, either for the purpose of attack or defence; but this will not be because he is something different from what he was before, but because being operated upon by different environments, there is a different cellular development, and the animal is varied in form accordingly. Some cells have the principles of life inherently within them; that is, they are both germinal and vital. Under certain conditions they may remain dormant, while another class of cells are unusually developed, and thus the appearance of the animal is completely changed. Those are the most active, which are the most favored by surrounding circumstances. In animal life, cells are propagated by self-divisions, or by proliferation; they throw off minute gemmules. These circulate freely, and develop into perfect cells. These cells, or gemmules, may be pan-genetic. They are so in the case of the star-fish, which, if cut into pieces,

each piece will grow into a perfect star-fish. They exist, to a limited extent, in the lizard, which, if you cut off its tail, a new one will grow in its place; they exist in a limited extent in the pig's tail, which may, it is said, be grafted into its back. A rat's tail has been made to grow upon its nose. The spur of a game cock has grown in the eye of an ox. Proper growth, physiologists say, arises from the polarity of the gemmules, which, if disturbed abnormally, will produce abnormal growths. Thus hair has been found growing within the cavity of the skull, and teeth within the orbit of the eye. Variations, therefore, from an original type, are confined within certain fixed limits, and are brought about by calling into activity latent forces, or by making latent other forces which are usually active, and are confined by the limits set by cell structure.

I have said enough to show you, my readers, that if there was an evolution of species, brought about by gradual development, there could be neither subkingdoms, nor species, nor genera, but a mob of animals differing from each other by scarcely perceptible degrees, and reaching from the protoplasm up to man.

Let us suppose for a moment that by some freak of nature the gorilla gave birth to a child. What would happen? But few animals take charge of any offspring except their own. How could this child ever reach manhood? The young gorilla neither needs nor receives any great amount of care. In a few months it can take care of itself. Now, abandoning every other objection, how is this first human creature,—this young Adam,—to get on? It must starve, or perish of disease, if not of neglect, or become food for some beast of prey. Let us suppose that this process of humanization, instead of springing into existence suddenly, went on slowly by imperceptible degrees, and thus spanning by two hundred thousand links the mighty chasm

which separates the most intellectual of brutes from the least intellectual of men. What has become of all those missing links, that would look so like human beings, and yet would be something less? They are nowhere to be found. There are none such, and yet without them, the chasm could not be bridged.

If in the process of time the irrational animal had reached the border line which separates him from rational and responsible being, and had begun to cross over that border line, he must continue to do so. No matter how long he might be in traversing the immense space to be crossed by the lower forms of life before it reaches the line of man, once the liminary line is reached, and is crossed, the march must be perpetual. Why then do we not see those processes of transmutation going forward? Why have all those animals which stand between man and the gorilla disappeared? All the Anthropoids are four-handed. Professor Huxley says that there are two distinctions between men and apes. The difference in the teeth, and in the great toe. Men, according to this view, at one time travelled upon all fours; ran into their dens; defended themselves, and seized their prey, with their teeth. By standing upright, muscular chances took place, which converted thumbs into great toes, and enabled them to walk with ease upon two feet, instead of upon four hands. Then they used their hands, instead of their teeth, for the purpose of grasping their prey. Tusks being no longer used for their primitive purpose, gradually grew shorter. Instead of protruding across each other from the corners of the mouth, they were gradually shortened down, or up, by disuse, to the line of the other teeth. The long muscle which extends from the lower part of the tibia along the sole of the foot to the great toe, in man, is divided into three in the orang, and extends to the three middle toes, and in the gorilla, to the first,

third, and fourth toes; and in neither case to the thumb of the hind foot, which corresponds to the great toe, in the human race. Upon what process or use could this anatomical change be brought about? But the conclusive argument against the theory of Mr. Darwin is that afforded by the latent powers with which the lowest races of men are endowed, powers wholly beyond their present requirements, and which seem to anticipate a future condition, far higher, and more complex, than that in which they are found. If Darwinism or evolution be true, there can be neither latent forces, nor latent powers. All that we possess in this way are the outcome of appetency, and the tendency to return to the original type, would obliterate in time whatever ceased to be used. How does such an hypothesis agree with the facts? The average cubical capacity of the brain in the Teuton is 94 cubic inches; in the Esquimaux, 91 inches; in the Asiatic, 87 inches; in the Negro, 85 inches; in the Australian, 80.9 inches; in the Bushman, 77 inches; in the gorilla, 34.5 inches. If we put the gorilla at ten, the savage will be 26 and the European 32. Beginning with the smallest anthropoids, they range from 4 cubic inches up to the gorilla; but the smaller monkeys are not, in proportion to their size, possessed of much less nerve power than the gorilla. Whenever an adult human being has less than 65 cubic inches of brain, he is invariably an idiot. The Australian savage who floats upon his log, fishes with his hands, and sleeps in a tree, does not require a much higher degree of intellect than the orang. How did he get this excess of brain beyond his actual requirements upon any theory of development, he has not used it? There is no reason to suppose him more ignorant than his ancestors have been for a hundred generations. Why does he not return to the original type? Why does not this excess of brain disappear? Marks may be seen on the

tall trunks of trees in the forests of Australia, up which the natives have gone to gather the fruit. These marks have been made with stone hatchets as resting-places for the feet. How is it that the great toes do not again turn to thumbs? The larynx of the negro is adjusted for music, although he has never sung. The negro and the Hottentot when they hear the music of civilized people, have not only the capacity to readily learn it, but they strike out melodies of their own, which civilized men may imitate, but which they did not originate. We see, then, with regard to the capacity of brain, the savage possesses it as a latent force. How came he by it? If we admit the existence of an Omniscient Creator, looking into the future of our race, we have an intelligible explanation, but is not this a standing disproof of evolution? If from the lowest form of life up to the gorilla, you have one hundred and twenty thousand species, that is from zero up to 34.5, how many ought there to be between that and the man with one hundred cubic inches of brain? A wide space no doubt separates a man of culture from the Bushman; but it is small indeed compared to the chasm which lies between the Bushman and the gorilla.

I will next notice some of the latent forces which exist within the animal organism, which can, not only not be accounted for on the theory of evolution, but which are directly at variance with that hypothesis. We have seen that the savage possesses a brain power wholly beyond his needs, and which he does not lose, however long he continues a savage. So, too, we find the recuperative organs, and organs for repairing the animal structure in case of accident, exist, in the case of every animal, from its birth to its death. I will by way of illustration, quote two statements from Paget's *Surgical Pathology*, the case of a fractured bone and the case of an amputated limb. The provision made in

the case of a fractured bone is wholly different from the process of ordinary growth. There is a method of secreting the bone matter and depositing it about the fracture which is wholly unnecessary in the natural growth of the osseous system. How came this power to repair into existence? Appetency will not explain it. It will hardly do to say that the ancestor of every living creature that is possessed of a bone structure, for a thousand generations, had broken bones, and from the desires or necessities of each accident, was ultimately developed this latent recuperative force. Every one will see that this hypothesis breaks down, for it applies to every part of every bone, of every vertebra. The power is universal. Then, too, we have Mr. Darwin's other law—the tendency to return to the original type, by which this power, if acquired, would gradually weaken from disuse, and ultimately disappear. There is but one rational explanation, and that is, that an Omnipotent Creator, who, foreseeing the accidents to which His creatures are exposed, implanted in the animal constitution, organs for repairing injuries arising from accidents or other causes, and ultimately overcoming by the process of repair, the consequences of disobedience to certain organic laws.

My second illustration is that of an amputated limb. When a hand is cut off, the natural means of circulation is destroyed. The blood contains within itself certain latent forces, that are at once called into activity, to commence, by a most wonderful process, the work of constructing new channels, and, in this way, to restore the circulation. This work is not a mere mechanical force, but a process of vital growth. At first there is a slight enlargement in the amputated veins and arteries, these grow into blind canals. They push their way unerringly toward each other. As the muscle is tunneled, the new vein or artery is carried forward; the end is closed by an arch, and when these arches touch, the ends

are absorbed and the work of repair is completed. "Nothing," says Dr. Paget, "could accomplish such a result but force determining the concurrent development of the two out-growing vessels. We admire the intellect of the engineer, who after years of laborious thought with all the appliances of weight and measure and appropriate material, can begin at points wide apart, and force through the solid masses of the earth, a tunnel, and can wall it in secure from external violence, and strong to bear some ponderous traffic, and yet he does but grossly and imperfectly imitate the Divine work of living mechanism, that is hourly accomplished in the bodies of the least conspicuous objects of creation, nay, even in the healing of our casual wounds and sores." This, no more than the former case can be explained upon any hypothesis of evolution.

But besides these latent powers of recuperation and repair within us, which exhibit a foresight of the vicissitudes to which organic bodies would be exposed, there are others which exhibit coadaptation, and which lie still farther away from any possible explanation that the doctrine of evolution can furnish. Man is subject to disease, and the recuperative forces within him are not always adequate to eliminate the poison, and to restore him to health. He is obliged to have recourse to external remedies. He finds in the mineral and in the organic world, remedial agencies between which, and himself, there can be no co-adaptation as they have a separate and independent existence, unless that co-adaptation has its origin in an intelligent Designer, having a prior existence.

By no law of evolution, could this co-adaptation arise—By what law could Peruvian Bark be made a specific for malarial fever? If we admit a personal Creator, capable of foreseeing the disease, and of providing in the constitution of the world a remedy, we have a simple and intelligible ex-

planation. If we reject this, we are left in the most profound ignorance of the whole subject.

But when we come to the moral side of man's nature, Darwinism still more signally fails. There is, says Matthew Arnold, "a power in the universe which makes for righteousness." But what is this power? It is not a line of conduct or a system of philosophy based upon human experience: we may discover it, but we do not create it. Reverence or worship, says Darwin, in man, is analagous to the affection which a dog has for his master, or a monkey for his keeper. It differs from the attachment which one of these animals has for another of the same species, in this, there is besides affection, a sense of dependence and inferiority. In their upward march towards humanity, they take these traits with them. After transmutation they were necessarily continued, and sought an appropriate object for their exercise; and so Deity is called into existence, by faculties created during the progress of the animal race, which demands a superior being upon which it may spend its force, and this it finds in its sovereign, its priest, or its Creator.

Remorse is defined to be the sense of regret which one feels from not having followed a persistent instinct. Can this be true? Whence has come the regard for truth, and the detestation of falsehood? Can we explain it by this doctrine? Some regard falsehood as allowable in war, and as a venial offence in Trade and Com-

merce. How, then, could such an origin invest truth with sanctity?

How could it induce men to value truth for its own sake, and to practise it regardless of consequences? Unless we admit there is a Judge of all the earth who does right, and who has, in the original constitution of man, implanted a moral capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, we have no intelligible explanation.

I have thus far dealt with external remedies for physical ills which fall within the law of co-adaptation; but there are moral imperfections and moral ills to which man is heir. Their existence is as obvious to human observation as accident or disease. Is there no remedy for such? Is there in the moral constitution of the universe nothing provided as a specific for the rooted moral evils? We see in the physical constitution, the recuperative powers are aided by external remedies; that there are germs of disease which no power within us can eradicate, and so we have learned by experience, to seek remedies without. Is the order in the moral world the same? It is at this point that that which is invisible seems to harmonize with that which appears. It is at this point that what Professors Tait and Stewart call the invisible universe would seem to differ but in a slight degree from the visible universe. I have said enough to show that the missing links in Darwinism are far too numerous, and too important, to justify its acceptance as an hypothesis of Creation.



McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

BY E. P. WELLS.

MUCH interest was aroused in educational circles by the first Commencement of McMaster University, which took place in May last. Up to that time, few, perhaps, besides those immediately interested in, or connected with it, were fully seized of the fact, that in the midst of our older and well-established institutions of learning, another, and a vigorous one, if judged by its growth, had recently reared its head. The occasion of its first granting of degrees in Arts was one of joy and congratulation, and friends from all parts of the Dominion came together to celebrate it. Large audiences gathered on the three successive evenings of the Commencement exercises, the first of which was devoted to the reading of graduate theses, the second to a Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. George Dana Boardman, LL.D., of Philadelphia, and the third to the conferring of degrees in Arts and in Theology. Nearly sixty persons were also admitted *ad eundem gradum* in Arts from Toronto, Acadia, Victoria, Harvard, and other universities, who thus embraced the first opportunity of identifying themselves with the fortunes of the new university: while the first degrees granted for the prescribed M.A. courses were conferred upon two ladies, members of the Moulton College staff. The enthusiasm shown by the students, who sat massed in the body of the large assembly, at every turn of the proceedings, showed plainly that they were filled with a spirit of loyalty to their university. A stranger suddenly introduced to the scene must have been impressed with the fact that this infant among Canada's universities had already made good progress, and showed signs of possessing innate

powers of development, which promised to bring it early to a commanding stature.

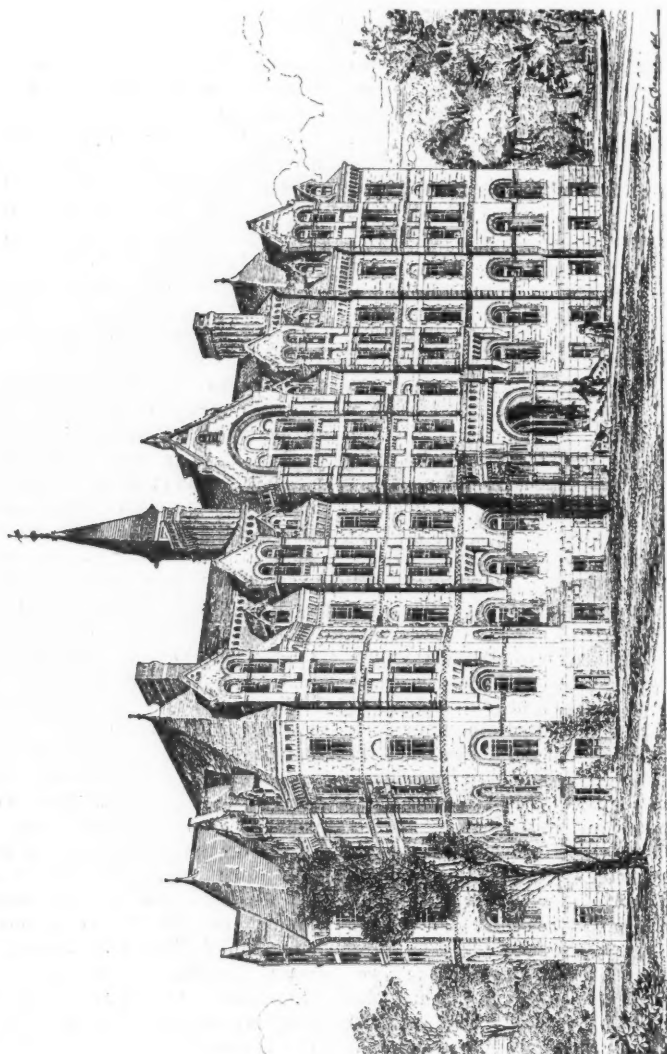
The University Trust is vested in a corporation, whose members are chosen by the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, while educational principles and policy are committed to a composite Senate, in which all departments of the University receive due representation, and wide practical experience is encouraged to give a determinative voice.

One unacquainted with the history of the educational work of the constituency most directly influenced by McMaster University, might naturally ask, "How has it come to pass that in so brief a time, this new university, surrounded by older and well-established institutions, has attracted so large a body of students to its halls, and won praise for its methods and its work from leading educationists?" The answer to the first part of the question is largely found in the history of the origin and evolution of the university; to the second, in the character of its aims, and in its strong professoriate, and in the fact that an earnest and intelligent effort has been made to base its efforts upon sound and important principles of education.

A glance backward over the course of education under Baptist auspices in Quebec and Ontario is sufficient to show that McMaster University is no palace of Aladdin sprung up in a night-time. On the contrary, it has been the product of the slow and more or less steady growth of years, rooted as it is in the life and heart of the people by whom it primarily exists. It may be compared to an oak, which sent forth its first tiny leaf some fifty years ago, in the thought of half-a-

dozen Baptists striving after higher educational advantages for the young people of the denomination. The first permanent outcome of their labors

its history, from 1860 until its incorporation as a part of McMaster University in 1887, no institution can shew a more striking record of pro-



MCMASTER HALL, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

was the building of the Canadian Literary Institute at Woodstock, Ontario, now well-known as Woodstock College. During the thirty years of

gress in the presence of greater obstacles, deeper discouragements, and more crushing burdens. Its aim was to give the young men and women

who attended its classes a thorough education under Christian influences, that should prepare them for their life work, whatever that might be, and also to fit those looking forward to the ministry for their high calling, not by giving them a mere veneer of theology, but by first cultivating their minds, and developing their powers, so that they might be able to grasp the weapon of truth in the firmest manner, and wield it most potently. Having become affiliated with the Provincial University, Woodstock College at

liberality of the Hon. William McMaster, who purchased the site on the Queen's Park and erected the building known as McMaster Hall, a promising beginning for the University buildings which must at no distant day cluster about it.

In 1887, a Bill was passed by the Ontario Legislature, by which Woodstock college became an academic department of McMaster University, for boys and young men, and Toronto Baptist college became the theological department of the University. In



ART STUDIO—MOULTON COLLEGE.

one period of its history carried students as far as the close of the second year in Arts. Its successful teaching has witnesses in its former students, many of them University graduates, who are to-day filling various positions of usefulness and influence in all parts of the continent.

A marked stage in the progress towards an independent University was the removal of the theological department of Woodstock college to Toronto. This was brought about through the

September of the same year, through the death of Mr. McMaster, the University corporation came into possession of nearly a million dollars, endowment, for the purposes of the higher education under distinctively Christian influences. In the following year, at an educational convention held at Guelph, it was determined that McMaster University be organized and developed as a permanently independent institution, that the arts department be established in the city of



RECEPTION ROOM—MOULTON COLLEGE.

Toronto, and that Woodstock college be maintained with increased efficiency at Woodstock.

In pursuance of the latter of these determinations, about seventy-five thousand dollars have been expended in improving the equipment of Woodstock college. It has been the first school in Canada to establish a manual training department, solely as a part of its educational work. In addition to its literary courses, it combines intellectual discipline with practical instruction, so as to afford the most useful course to young men intending to enter some practical occupation, without pursuing a university course of study. The students, whether pursuing the matriculation, or scientific, or teachers', or other course of study, are surrounded by those positive influences for good, which are so essential to the highest development of character, and which must of necessity be largely absent in secular schools.

In 1888, the Senate and the Board of Governors established Moulton college, Toronto, as the academic department of McMaster University for girls and young women. This action was made possible by Mrs. William McMaster's generous gift of the McMaster man-

sion on Bloor-st., accompanied by the means necessary to fit it for the purposes of a ladies' school. No more suitable or beautiful place could have been found for the purpose intended, and its well-filled halls are shewing, year by year, an increasing appreciation of the advantages it is bestowing upon the young women who go there to study. Though Moulton college has more than usually elegant appointments, it is not maintained as a fashionable boarding school, in which mere accomplishments are rated above solid acquirements. The æsthetic aspects of education, both in music and art, are treated as dependent on mind and soul-culture. The truth is emphasized that art and music are not things apart from knowledge and character and aspirations, but, in so far as they are true and worthy, bound up in them and the expression of the highest life which the student is capable of living. University matriculation, and courses requiring an additional year of study, are popular in the literary department proper.

What are the special aims or distinctive features of McMaster University, which are to insure its future success and continued growth? In

answering this query, it should be noted in the first place, that McMaster, though ultimately amenable to the control of the Baptist convention through the appointment of members of the Board of Governors, aims to give not a sectarian but a Christian education. By the provisions of the charter, the university is a Christian school of learning, and the Bible must form a constituent part of the course of study, both in the university and academic departments, and all the teachers, masters and professors must be members in regular standing of evangelical churches, those in the theological department being members of Baptist churches. No religious test is required of any student except in theology, and even in this department, students of any religious faith are eligible to attendance on lectures. The genius of the university is disclosed in these words, taken from the address delivered by Chancellor Rand, on the occasion of the opening of the arts department:—"Christian education, as a conscious process, means the development of a life . . . the cultivation of true and pure tastes, the

choice and pursuit of worthy ideals, and the effort to establish a unity and balance of all the forces of one's nature . . . it means mastership through discipline."

In direct line with such an ideal of education, is the independence with which McMaster has prescribed a broad and liberal general course of study for every student seeking the B.A. degree. Believing that the development of man in the fulness of his powers, should precede the development of man as a specialist in any department, the aim is to give such a measure of liberal culture, to secure such a development of faculty and correlation of function, as shall in the end make the student not less, but more, of a doctor, a lawyer, or a minister, by becoming more of a man. In application of this principle, students are not allowed to take honor subjects until they have proved themselves able to maintain an average of first-class standing in their course. Thus, only the strong, well-qualified student may become a specialist, on the ground that such special work should be the outcome of the superabundance of his



LIBRARY—MOULTON COLLEGE.

powers, after he has exerted them to the full accomplishment of the foundation work of his course. This is on a principle similar to that followed by the architect, who completes the essential portions of a structure before adding the ornamentation. It will be said "the analogy is false; the devoting of one's energies to some branch of study to the exclusion of other branches, is not the ornamentation of one's life, it is the life itself." But it is not the end of education to put a man on the level

life and thought than their own. One's sphere of usefulness must of necessity be bound by one's own limitations of character and attainments.

Another feature of McMaster's training that deserves to be noted is the emphasis laid upon the study of English. The subject occupies a foremost place in each year of the under-graduate courses, and importance is given to the literary rather than the philological aspects of the study. The discipline which is given by regular and frequent



MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT—WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

of a machine adapted to one certain line of action and to no other, adjusted to run in one set path, but unable to cross lots and look over a neighbor's fence! A doctor who has studied next to nothing out of the range of his profession; a minister whose ideas are all derived from theological books,—such men live in grooves, and can hardly come into true touch and sympathy with the world in general for lack of the wide information and culture that would enable them to understand and appreciate other phases of

compositions in the first two years, and by the stated writing of theses in the last two years, is at once the handmaid of clear and accurate thinking and the easy command of knowledge. This generous recognition of English as one of the superior instruments of discipline and culture cannot fail of speedy justification in results.

Even more striking is the incorporation of education in the arts curriculum and as an obligatory subject. The history of education, with a knowledge of educational principles disclosed by

physiology, psychology and ethics, and the philosophical study of method, are required: while the study of the principles of school organization and management is provided for those who

take as high a standing as that taken by the systematic worker who has regularly prepared his tasks from day to day. It is this co-operation of student with professor, and this direct



"CAMPUS"—WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

desire it. Herbert Spencer would, in this particular at least, find himself in accord with the life and thought of McMaster, and would hopefully anticipate the day when such a training for parental and practical life should leaven the courses of liberal education universally. This chair is filled by the Chancellor, whose many years of experience and of eminent service along educational lines, have specially fitted him to deal with a subject the importance of which is as yet very largely overlooked in our schools and colleges.

It is of special interest to note also that the methods of work advisedly adopted for undergraduates involve regular attendance on lectures, and class-room recitation and discussion. The students' daily work throughout the year is combined with that of the final examination. It is, therefore, impossible, as some have doubtless learned by experience, for a student to "cut" lectures to any extent during the year, and postpone getting up his work until the last month or two, and

and sympathetic contact of teacher and taught, that give a small but strongly equipped university influence and moulding power over the students to an extent which is for the most part entirely impossible in a large one. There is no doubt that this plan does much to obviate the tendency to cram,—the great evil of the educational system,—in which written examinations are the sole test of attainment. But more than this,—it provides for the fullest play of the once invaluable factor in education, the personal element,—the trained and cultured mind and soul in living contact with the youthful spirit dowered with its world of possibilities. To turn possibilities into powers, to give one the use of one's self, to engender a loving submission of the life to ethical ideals, ever impelling to earnest service for humanity and for God,—these are educational results which demand the best life quality, in sympathetic, personal touch with both mind and heart of ingenuous youth.

Herbert Spencer has affirmed the

desirability of variety in institutions of learning. It is well in the interests of individuality that there should be as many different systems of education as is compatible with good results. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the test by which each must endure or perish. By the men and women who go forth from the university is its real value to be judged. Any adequate realization of the ideals so unobtrusively yet clearly adopted by this new university, implies, in the judgment of its boards and professoriate, complete freedom and independence. The higher education is too great and complex a thing to be accomplished at its best apart from such conditions. Any earnest and careful attempt to bring yet more fully into the arena of liberal education, forces and principles of proved value and large application, is of universal interest as a distinct contribution to the life of the nation. It should count for something that those whose record from far history to the present has ever attested their love of religious and civil freedom, both for themselves and for all men; who have with united voice affirmed that conscience is a vested right of the individual, that the state is simply a political corporation,

and is a usurper when it intermeddles with the great things of the human spirit,—it should count for something in the development of this Canada of ours, that a people of such belongings seriously put their hands to the work of university education. Independence opens to their students, without restraint, the pages of history, a boon of surpassing moment in liberal education. It opens wide the sacred Scriptures, and ensures that freedom of philosophical study which is limited only by the reverent and imperious claims of truth.

The first university founded under distinctively Baptist principles and ideals was Brown University; the most recent is Chicago University, unless, indeed, McMaster University may claim that distinction. Acadia University in Nova Scotia has for over fifty years done honor to the denomination under whose inspiration it has wrought in the interests of higher education in Canada, and one can hardly err in saying, that if present building accommodation, now overcrowded, be ere long provided for growing needs, he would be bold indeed who should set bounds to the influence of our youngest Canadian university.



THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., Ph.D.

LOCKE, long ago, said that all our knowledge came from experience. Kant, at a later date, said that all our knowledge came by experience, but was not all from experience. There is a wide difference between the two positions. I am not going to trouble the reader on the present occasion with any discussion on what the mind is, but rather how the mind acts, by what channels it receives its knowledge of the external world, and in what way the teachings of Locke and Kant have truth in them, by giving a certain amount of credit to experience.

Astrology was very crude astronomy, but it had its value by directing men's thoughts to the stars. Alchemy and the search for the philosopher's stone were crude notions of chemistry; but they have had their place in turning the attention of bygone observers to the properties of compounds and elements. Phrenology was crude psychology, but it too was not without its value, as it had the effect of fixing the keen eyes of many an anatomist and physiologist upon the shape and actions of the human brain.

The gropings of Goll, Lavater and Spurzheim on the brain should not be rejected with a toss of the head, or a wave of the hand. What they thought and said about certain faculties being located in certain portions of the brain was far astray: yet it had the effect of exciting curiosity and stimulating research that swept away their views and replaced them by the later and scientific teachings of Munk, Hitzig, Ferrier and many others. The views held and taught by the earlier observers, that such faculties, or qualities, as love of home, self esteem, veneration, were located in certain parts of the brain, and that their degree of

development and activity could be determined from certain bumps, or elevations, on the surface of the skull, have been shown to be utterly false to the facts, and to have no foundation whatever to rest upon: but the later views that a certain portion of the brain is the centre for hearing, another for sight, a third for taste, and a fourth for speech, have taken their place, and now rest on a solid foundation of thoroughly attested facts.

The brain, and the nerves passing from and to it, taken together, constitute the physical basis of knowledge, and are the agencies by which the mind is brought into contact with the outer world. The scientists who deny the existence of brain centres endowed with special powers are now very few and fast disappearing. Their teachings are no longer of any weight, and are treated with a smile of ridicule and contempt, if not actually with pity, by those who have taken the trouble to keep themselves familiar with the advances in the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system of man that have been made since the days of Flourens.

Laying it down as a postulate that the nervous system, and especially that portion of it known as the brain, is the organ of the mind, the next task is to ascertain in what way this nervous system becomes the medium for carrying information, so that the words of Emanuel Kant may hold good, "that all our knowledge comes by experience." This is the task that I have set before me in this article. I shall show how impressions of different kinds reach the brain, to what portion of the brain they are conducted, how these different portions of the brain are linked together, and how disease,

or injury, may derange this delicate machinery, and disturb the outward manifestations of the mind as revealed in thought, speech, and action, or, in other words, in the conduct of the individual.

The child is born without knowledge but with a power to acquire knowledge. This power, day by day, is evolved under the influences of the many experiences that act and re-act upon the child. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, pleasure and pain, light and darkness, are steadily acting as teachers. When the child is born it does not know one voice from another. But the ears are there and nerves running from them to a brain centre. The impulses of the mother's voice strike upon these ears, travel along the auditory nerves to that centre in the brain, and there become, in time, imprinted in such a manner that the child recognizes that voice. Thus, in due course of time, the child comes to have a recollection of the mother's voice. When the mother speaks, the child not only hears the voice, but remembers that it is the same voice that has spoken so often before. Here we have a memory of the mother's voice.

In time the child comes to have a memory of the mother's face. At first the child does not know the mother's face from any other face; but the image of this face is conveyed by the eye and the optic nerve to the brain. This process is repeated over and over until the child remembers the face as it did the voice. Here, then, we have a memory picture of the face, which can be recalled even when not seen.

In like manner, through the organs of taste and smell, new sensations are constantly carried to the brain, and stored away as memories of these tastes and smells. So that when the same taste or smell is repeated, it is at once identified as one already known. Thus, in time, an object can be recognized by its taste or smell. But the brain centres for taste and smell are not the same as for hearing or seeing.

It will be seen, at a glance, how crude the old phrenology was, which located memory in one part of the brain, as a faculty or power, instead of in many parts of the brain, as the receptive centres for incoming impressions, through the channels of the nerves connecting the various organs and parts of the body with these centres.

It will thus be seen that the location of brain function, as held by the older teachers, such as Goll, was wholly wrong. Their classification, to begin with, had no foundation in fact. A man may be as conceited as it is possible to imagine, yet there is no part of the brain in which such a peculiarity of disposition can be located. One may have great reverence for law and order, and yet it is quite impossible to put your finger on the head and say: "Here is the spot," or, further, say, "It is well developed, because the skull is prominent at that part." Every anatomist knows that elevations or prominences on the skull do not signify corresponding prominences of the brain matter. The activity of the brain centres, and the number or formation of the convolutions on the surface of the brain, cannot be surmised from any simple, crude, or free and easy method, such as laid down by the exponents of phrenology. The sense of hearing might be extremely well-developed, and no indication yielded by the surface of the skull that would enable one to predict the same. A man may be very fond of a good meal, but unless he chooses to give this information, no phrenologist can feel his head and say, that because there happens to be a certain elevation on the skull, such is the case. Take, for example, another person, equally fond of a good meal, and no such elevation may be found; or, in other words, the elevations on his skull may be situated quite differently from those on the skull of the first person. Take any two men equally fond of their homes and families, and after subjecting their heads to the most rigid examination

no common formation of the skull will be found to exist. The generalizations and specializations of phrenologists are weaker and less coherent than a house of cards, or a rope of sand. Nevertheless, they afford the means by which quack scientists gull and amuse the public: while, at the same time, they afford the channels by which cunning and unscrupulous persons, filch from the pockets of the innocent, a livelihood.

Because I have condemned the localization of function in the brain adopted by phrenologists, it does not follow that the doctrine of localization of function is wrong. The surface of the brain has many centres upon it, whose functions have been carefully studied. In addition to these centres, there are tracts of nerve matter connecting them with each other, so that an associated or concerted acting of the brain centres becomes possible—indeed is of constant occurrence. One hears the word "Rose" spoken, and immediately the image of a rose is recalled: there is a recollection of its odor, of its color, of its size and shape, and a stimulus goes to the proper centres, so that the word "Rose" may be spoken or written, if it is so willed. It is these tracts or paths of nerve matter that enable the brain to build up our complex ideas. It will be seen, from what has been said, that the word "Rose" carries with it many elements, such as color and shape, learned by experience through the eyes; taste, by the tongue; odor, by the nose; weight, by the hands. But all these qualities of taste, color, odor, weight, etc., go to make up our complex idea of what a rose is. These varied primary, or elemental ideas, have reached the brain by separate channels, have formed memory pictures on the centres, which, in turn, have become associated by means of the inter-central nerve paths into complex ideas.

In addition to the impressions reaching the brain through the nerves of hearing, sight, taste and olfaction,

there is a constant stream of sensations pouring into the brain along the nerves of feeling. It has now been pretty well settled that some of the nerve fibres conduct sensations of heat, others of cold, some of pain, and still others that sensation known as muscular effort, or the muscular sense. All these are carried to different parts of the brain and there registered. From this registry, they can be called up as a memory of past experiences. A person lifts a certain object a number of times, and the muscular sense becomes educated to the effort required for the task. In course of time the person can guess closely as to the weight of a given article, by the muscular exertion needed to raise the article. By repeating these efforts, the person acquires the power of judging the weight of bodies, and the muscular effort that will be required to lift them. Some persons have acquired the power to determine a weight of twenty from one of nineteen; or, even, one of forty from one of thirty-nine equal parts.

Any one can see at a glance how vastly different this view of things is from the view of weight, size and calculation, as taught by the phrenologists. The former is founded on sound, scientific facts, collected and collated by the most careful observations and experiments; while the latter is a guess, and a bad one at that. For example, phrenologists place color and size just above the outer angle of the eye; whereas every anatomist and physiologist knows that the visual centre for the perception of color and size is at the back of the brain on the occipital region. As another instance of the absurdity of the old phrenology, I may mention that the faculties of conscientiousness and hope were located on that part of the brain's surface which is known to control the movements of the leg. What a difference! Once more, let me cite an example of the crudeness of the so-called phrenology. By this pseudo-science,

self-esteem and firmness are placed where the motor centres for the movements of toes and knees are known to exist. In like manner, ideality, sublimity, eventuality, patriotism, etc., could be shown to have no existence, in fact, and to be placed on parts of the brain where other well-known functions have their location.

Having thus cleared the ground by removing every vestige of foundation for the doctrine of phrenology, as we hear it from the lips of its exponents, and meet with it in their writings, it remains to explain somewhat further in detail how the brain is the organ of the mind. It is now settled beyond chance of dispute that memories are the results of perceptions, and are therefore localized in the regions of the brain concerned in perception. "These memories, forming the idea of an object, or an action, are distinct from one another." They are found after long experience, and may be lost again by any injury or disease that affects that portion of the brain where these perceptions have been stored, or registered.

Let us return for a while to the organ of hearing. For this sense to be in a sound, normal condition, there must be a healthy ear, a healthy auditory nerve leading from the ear to the brain, and a healthy, normal condition of that part of the brain to which the nerve leads, and in which it terminates. These conditions existing in a given subject, a whole series of memories will be formed of the many sounds with which the person has to do. These memories will become so clear and distinct that the moment a particular sound is heard, it is recognized as a familiar one, or as one that has not been heard before. Between these extremes there are many degrees of more or less familiarity.

But grant that the ear, or the nerve of hearing, or the brain centre of sounds, was defective, then it would be

impossible to acquire the knowledge of the external world that is learned through this sense organ. If the defect existed from birth the person would never have heard spoken language, and consequently would not be able to speak. Such a condition would be deaf-mutism. In the case of deaf mutes it is generally the brain centre that has never developed, and therefore the deafness is central in its origin. The brain centre for hearing sounds in general is of wider area than that for hearing words, so that a person may lose the power of hearing words, or spoken language, without losing the power to hear sounds of a general character, such as the noise of a passing vehicle. Such a loss is known as word deafness. In the event of a person sustaining such a loss, either from disease, or injury to the brain, at a period of life after having learned to read and write, he would still be able to read and write, though unable to hear one conversing with him.

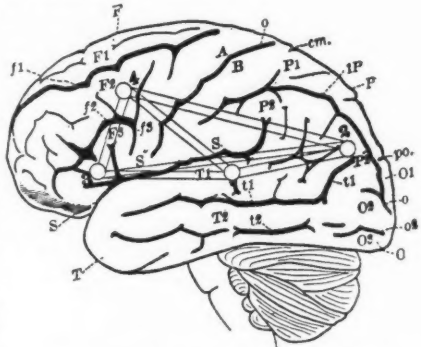


Fig. 1 This figure gives a good notion of the relationship of some of the centres having to do with language
1. The word-hearing centre. 2. The word-seeing centre
3. The word-speaking centre. 4. The word writing centre

If these centres, 1, 2, 3, and 4, are in a sound, healthy condition, and also the tracts of nerve matter joining them, the mechanism of language is complete. By constant practice, centre 1 comes to recognize a certain sound, as "the," or "and," or "Mary." In like manner, centre 2 learns to know

the same words when written or printed, by their images carried to it by the optic nerve. So also, centre 3 learns to put the necessary movements in operation to have these words uttered, and in course of time the person learns to make the requisite movements to write these words.

Should the seeing centre be destroyed, the person may be able to hear the words, speak, and write them. So it may happen that the power to write them is lost, and the person still able to enjoy his book and his chat.

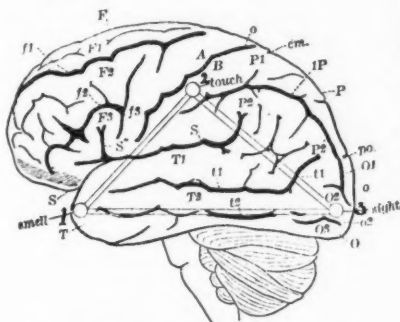


Fig. 2.—Smelling Centre 1, Touch Centre 2, Seeing Centre 3.

In this figure of the brain it will be noticed that the centre for general vision is not situated on exactly the same part of the brain surface as the word-seeing centre in figure 1. This is quite correct. The specialized vision for language is slightly higher up than the centre for general vision. In this way, the word-seeing power has been lost without the entire loss of vision. Taking the above figure as a means of studying the formation of a complex idea:—One smells a flower, and the memory is formed at centre 1. The flower is handled, and the memory of touch is formed in centre 2. In like manner its appearance is memorized in centre 3. These, in turn, are joined together by nerve paths. When the flower is seen, centre 3 is stimulated by the impression coming through the optic nerve. This centre, in turn, through association tracts, stimulates

the centres for smell and touch. In this way the memory of its odor is recalled, as well as any peculiarities of its touch. Here we have the physical basis for the association of ideas, and the recalling of past perceptions into active, present memories.

Many may say that this is a very materialistic view to take of our mental operations. As mentioned at the outset, this article is intended to deal with the material side of our knowledge. The electric force is one thing, while the wire along which it is conducted is an entirely other thing. What the mind is in itself I am not attempting to show. My object is only to show in what manner we gain knowledge by experience, and lose it by disease, or injury to our nerve centres. "Though all our knowledge arises with experience, it by no means follows that all is from experience."

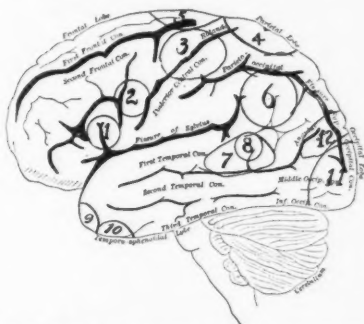


Fig. 3.—Speech 1, Movements of Face 2, Movements of Upper Extremity 3, Movements of Leg 4, Movements of Hip and Trunk 5, Muscular sense of Weight &c., 6, Hearing 7, Word-hearing 8, Smell 9, Taste 10, Visual Centre 11, Word-seeing 12.

The above is a surface view of the brain on the left side. It shows where the motor and sensory centres are located. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are motors. In other words, the activity of these centres results in the movement of that part of the body indicated by their names. On the other hand, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 are sensory, as shown by the figure. No. 6 is not yet very definitely mapped out. So far as present research goes, it is the

centre for the perception of touch, to some extent at least, and of the muscular sense of effort, weight and motion. It will also be noticed that the centre for word-hearing is a specialized portion of the centre for sounds, and in the same way, the centre for word-seeing is a more differentiated region of the area for vision.

For comparison with the above figure of a scientific character, it will no doubt prove of much interest to subjoin the following one, taken from a recent work on phrenology, where the head is mapped out in accordance with that school.

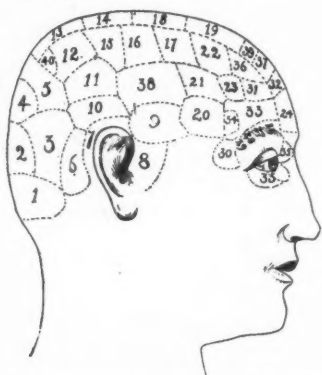


Fig. 4.—1 Amativeness, 2 Parental Love, 3 Friendship, 4 Inhabitiveness, 5 Continuity, 6 Combativeness, 7 Excitiveness, 8 Alimentiveness, 9 Acquisitiveness, 10 Secretiveness, 11 Caution, 12 Approbation, 13 Self-esteem, 14 Firmness, 15 Conscientiousness, 16 Hope, 17 Spirituality, 18 Veneration, 19 Benevolence, 20 Constructiveness, 21 Ideality, 22 Imitation, 23 Mirthfulness, 24 Individuality, 25 Form, 26 Size, 27 Weight, 28 Color, 29 Order, 30 Calculation, 31 Locality, 32 Eventuality, 33 Time, 34 Tune, 35 Language, 36 Causality, 37 Comparison, 38 Sublimity, 39 Human Nature, 40 Patriotism.

Did any one ever behold such a mass of absurdity? Conscientiousness, hope, and spirituality are located on that part of the brain which the most thorough investigation has shown to govern the movements of the lower extremity and part of the trunk. Language is located at the eye; but by a glance at figure 3 it will be seen that language depends upon the word-seeing centre at the back of the brain; upon the word-hearing centre at the side of the brain, near the ear; upon the word-speaking centre, at the side

and front of the brain; and upon the writing centre, at the front of and half-way up the brain. Primarily, however, language is learned by the ear; and, therefore, it is the word-hearing centre that is first called into action and that would form the foundation for language to one who never learned to read or write. In such a case, only the word-hearing and the word-speaking centres would be active. But neither of these is at all near where the phrenologists place the language centre, namely, at the eye. Parental love and friendship are located about where the visual centre should be placed. In like manner the other centres of the phrenologists could be shown to have no existence outside the minds of these men.

Figure 5 is a diagrammatic method of showing the connection between various parts of the brain. The frontal lobe, F, is connected with temporal lobe, T, and the occipital lobe, O. The temporal is connected with the frontal and the occipital, and the occipital in turn with the temporal and frontal. The convolutions are joined together by shorter fibres. In this way the various parts of the brain are brought into close relationship with each other. One centre acts upon another through these tracts, and awakens memories of past sensations. The sensation of the smell of a given object revives in the respective centres a memory of its taste, its color, shape, size, etc.

Figure 6 shows how certain bundles of nerve fibres pass up from the spinal cord to the different regions of the brain. By means of these tracts of nerve matter, the brain is maintained in connection with all parts of the body. Some of these tracts are for sensations coming into the brain from the body; while others are for the impulses that start in the brain and go to the muscles throughout the body, and are known as motor impulses.

It will now be clear that there is a constant stream of sensory currents,

or sensations, coming into the brain a mental accompaniment. It is in from all parts of our bodies. These this way that we are aware of how

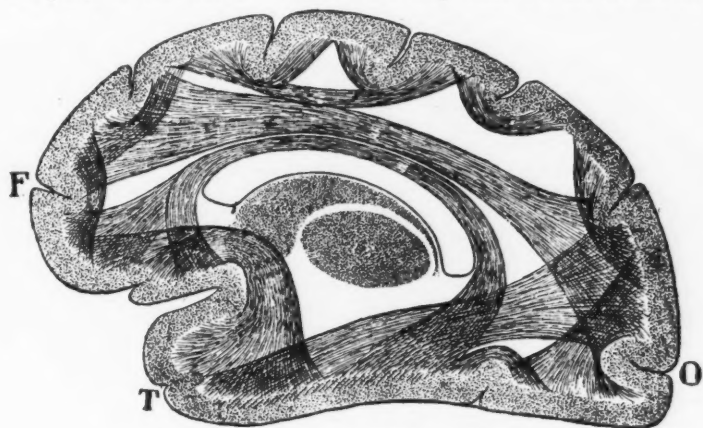


FIG. 5.—The association fibres or tracts.

sensations have their mental accompaniment. When a current escapes from the brain, and goes outward for we are acting and being acted upon. These constitute states of consciousness. The conscious personality, or con-

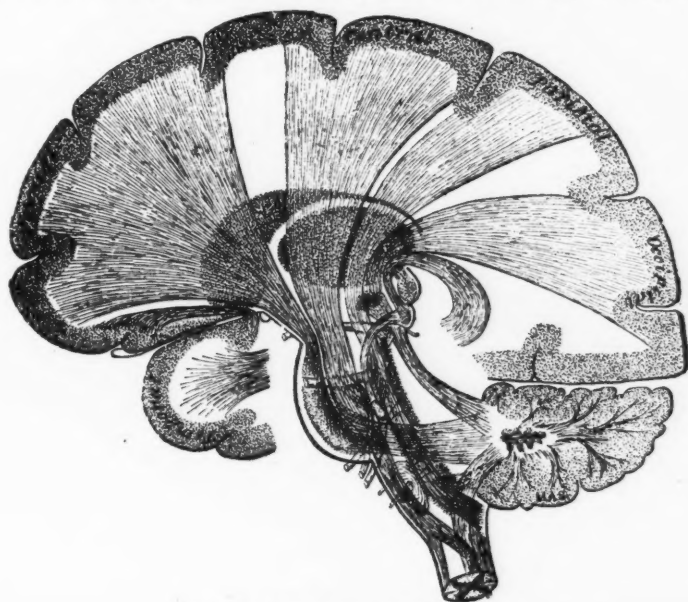


FIG. 6.—The Fibres projecting through the Brain.

the purpose of moving some muscle, scious ego, is the sum of all the states or group of muscles, there is also of consciousness at on; time existing.

From what has been said, the following conclusions can be drawn :

1. Memory is the revival of former memory pictures, or former impressions.

2. We have the power of combining memory pictures into new ones—imagination.

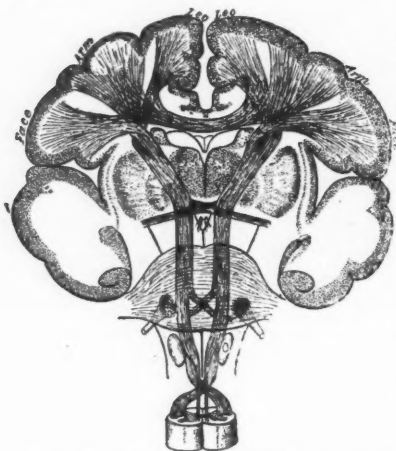


Fig. 7.—Showing the nerve tracts that join one side of the brain and spinal cord with the other.

3. When we pass from one picture to another in a regular manner, we are reasoning.

4. Action is carrying out the impulses revived in memory. Here, then, we see that special memory pictures have a location in the brain, such as in the centre for vision, hearing, touch, etc., but that compound memory pictures cannot have any location, as these are formed from the primary memory pictures that have a definite location. Thus in the case of the general memory of a rose, one might have such a disease, or injury, of the brain as would destroy the visual centre, and yet leave the smelling centre perfectly good. The entire memory, therefore, of the rose would not be lost. The person could remember and know a rose by its smell, touch, taste, though no longer able to see it.

In a moment, by disease or injury, a man may lose the power to speak,

and yet be able to read and write ; or he may be unable to read, and yet hear what is said. Some may have the centre of hearing so damaged that the power for music is gone and still be sound in every other respect. Some again may lose the power of recalling words. They know them when written, or printed ; but they cannot speak, because they cannot recall the words needed to express their thoughts.

Enough has been said to show that the brain and all the nerve tracts leading to it, and from it, are the physical bases of knowledge. Derangement in these is followed by derangement in the mental powers. Insanity is only disease, affecting the brain so as to derange and pervert the thoughts, language and actions of the person. This view of insanity has done much good, as it has led to a better method of dealing with insane people. The anatomical and physiological study of the brain shows that it is the organ of the mind : but further observations made in cases of disease and injury of the brain as well as on cases of insanity, go to establish this doctrine beyond all dispute.

It is now fully settled that disease of the hearing centre may cause the sensation of sounds, such as voices, music, etc., that disease of the visual, or seeing centre may originate the impressions of objects, as spectres, etc., that disease of the olfactory centre may produce the belief that there are smells that have no real existence. Hence, as the result of some change in the brain, the victim to that change may become the subject of those false opinions that afflict the insane so frequently. Illusions, hallucinations, and delusions owe their origin to some derangement in the sense organs or in the perceptive centres in the brain. Following upon this, the conscious ego is no longer in its true relationship to its environments, and there is, as a consequence, derangement of conduct, as the result of the physical disease.

LOVE'S TRAGEDY AT SCRATCH'S POINT.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

I.

"WELL, I'll be jiggered, if them oxen don't move faster, if I'll get this plowin' done this side o' Christmas. How my legs do ache, sure enough. Whoa, Buck! back, Brindle! Consarn you, if you aint too lazy to stop."

The speaker was a tall, loose-boned young man, with a freckled face and bright red hair. All that short October afternoon he had slowly and silently wended back and forth at the tail of the rude plow, behind those thin, melancholy oxen, who mournfully chewed their cuds and whisked the flies with their tails, turning over the obstinate soil on that stony hill-side field.

Loosening the chain from the plow to free the oxen, and throwing his rude whip on a dark, up-turned furrow, he sat down on one of the large boulders that loomed out of the otherwise rich soil of the small lake-side farm, and drawing a soiled book from the pocket of a rough jacket that lay on the stone, he opened it and began to read. It was an old copy of the poems of Thomas Campbell, one of the noblest of the old poets, now nearly forgotten, but whose martial, patriotic and religious verses had already stirred a life beneath the uncultured exterior of this rough young Canadian.

As he turned over the leaves, the late afternoon sun reflected a certain manly kindness in the uncouthness of his face, lit up as it now was by the spirit of the verses he was reading. Now and again he would look up and shout a "Whoa, Buck! back, Brindle! Consarn you animals," at the melancholy oxen, who rattled the chain on the rocky ground, as they browsed the fireweed and other rank herbage that

sprang up where the plow had missed the edge of the field.

But evidently his mood for poetry this afternoon was not lasting, for he presently began to turn over the leaves hastily until he came to the fly-leaf, on which was scrawled in a rude crazy chirography—"Elias Gale, his book," and underneath—"Steal not this book for fear of shame, for here you see the owner's —," then there was a break, and underneath:—

"Elias Gale is my name,
Canada my nation;
Scratch's Point my dwelling place
An heaven my destination."

This ran well on to the next page, and then beneath, as if he were practising a copy-plate, was repeated a feminine name, "Lizzie Crandal, Lizzie Crandal, Liz., Liz., Lizzie Crandal," and then:—

"Rosy's red
Violets blue,
No nife can cut
Our love in too.
"Elias Gale."

And underneath, in a scratchy girlish hand, "Lizzie Crandal." This evidently had been written a long time, and was almost obliterated by thumbing and age, but it seemed the one poem of the book for him, as he sat there gazing at it, the words "Lizzie Crandal" repeating themselves in flaming letters all over the page. For Elias Gale, as all the world of Scratch's Point knew, was in love, and that, too with the prettiest girl, and the lightest-hearted, in all the lake country round. She had promised, as a light-hearted pretty girl would do, to become his wife some time after the coming new year, and poor Elias' simple, trusting heart was all one dream of happiness and hope. And he certainly had a

right to be happy, for a face like a blossom in fairness had Lizzie Crandall, daughter of Joe Crandall, down at the shore farm. She had shyly and coyly promised this one night some time in the spring, when he had taken her home from a meeting in the log school-house, for she really liked him, as no one could help doing, for his quiet and dogged earnestness and steadfastness, and his goodness to his widowed mother, with whom he lived alone. But it hardly could be said that Lizzie was in love with him, or, if she was, she was not aware of it.

Ever since that time Elias and his mother had been getting all ready for the wedding. He had worked unusually hard this summer, and had added certain new comforts to the rough but cosy little farm-house. He had been more than particular as to the fattening of the two hogs, and in the laying up of butter from the single cow, having even stinted himself for the purpose. And often in the evenings, when he and his mother would talk things over, she, in her rough, motherly kindness, would say, this or that "is for you and Lizzie," and then honest but bashful Elias would blush up confusedly and go out under the dusky stars that blinked in the dimness of lake and shore, and dream over his great happiness. He looked forward to the time when, in the mid winter, he would hitch up Buck and Brindle and carry Lizzie on his rude sledge through the long woods to the nearest village, where they would be married,—and then the trip home again, the party at Lizzie's home, and then how he would bring her up here to his own home to happiness and love. And the glad, innocent joy all this gave him made the summer and early autumn go as a dream. He was the one human figure in the bleak wilderness of the landscape as he sat dreaming this beautiful, old, yet ever new, poem of human love and hope. No sound broke the stillness of the autumn air, save the rattling of the chain as Buck and Brin-

dle crowded each other among the briars and fire-wood, and the distant subdued sound of wild life from the woods and shore below. Some distance behind him, farther up the little farm, loomed the roof of his humble home, and far below, beyond the breathing edge of forest, lay a smoky glimpse of the great lake gleaming under the fast-westering sun.

Elias' reverie was abruptly broken into by the sound of distant music, and, looking up, he espied the form of a man coming down the road that led past the farm to the lake below. He was sauntering along, with a fiddle held close beneath his chin, playing to himself snatches of dance music and tunes of songs; but suddenly seeing Elias sitting on his stone, he sprang over the log fence and approached with great strides of his long legs. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with handsome, straight features, rich, black, curly hair, and a devil-may-care expression in his dark eyes. But there was a coarse, sinister look in his face that suggested reckless dissipation. He wore a gaudily-embroidered shirt, with a red sash at his waist, and there was a contemptuous sneer on his handsome, dissipated face at Elias' uncouth appearance, as he ejaculated:—

"I'll be hanged if it ain't 'Lias Gale. Know'd you when I first seen you, by your red hair,—sittin' like a wood-pecker on your stone, moonin' same as ever. Ain't writin' poetry on the stone, air you? Weighin' eternity and consequences same as ever? Thinkin' ain't faded any of the red out'n yer head, has it, 'Lias? Seems you don't know me,"—and with an ironical laugh he held out his hand, for Elias let his book drop and came forward pale as ashes.

"God in heaven: it ain't you, Jim Rummage, come back from the dead?" he asked, suddenly.

"The same an' no other," said that gentleman, lightly. "Didn't think I'd grown into such a fine lookin' feller, did you, 'Lias?"

"Well, no, Jim; but the old folks, Jim, they took on awful bad; near broke their hearts. It's nigh on three years since the news came, an' yer mother ain't been real well since. You might a wrote or somethin'."

"Well, I might if I'd a thought of it, 'Lias; but I didn't, you see."

Then, as if slightly ashamed beneath the reproach in Elias' honest face, "Thought I'd surprise them—prodigal son, fatted calf, etcetery. There ain't no truth in that about a 'rollin' stone gatherin no moss.' Here you've been a grubbin like a fool, as you always were, on this darned old rock heap, an me—well, I've enjoyed life; and look at us now,"—with a glance of contemptuous comparison of his appearance and that of Elias.

"I don't grudge no man his luck," said Elias coldly, for something in the other's sinister appearance and sentiments jarred on him.

"I'm glad as you ain't dead, Jim, an glad for your folks' sake, that is, if you mean well by them. No, Jim, I don't grudge you nothin, not even the lickin I give you years ago."

"O, we're on a different footin now, 'Lias," he laughed back, but a quick, evil light passed over his face at the remembrance.

"Well, what brought you back, any ways," said Elias. "Was it sorer for your folks, Jim?"

"No, not that; do you think I'm a ninny? No, somethin better'n that: somethin I heered, what's called attraction: hey! 'Lias!"

Just then he noticed the book, and, picking it up, opened at the fly leaf.

"D——it, if that ain't the name of the beauty I come to see,—Lizzie Crandall. What!" for he noticed the quick, dark flush on Elias' face at the name, "you hain't weak there, too, air ye, 'Lias?" Bless us, what a joke, but wait till she sees me;" and with another contemptuous laugh he strode across the field, bounded over the fence and soon disappeared down the road to the lake, a road which led to his

home and past Joe Crandall's doorway. As soon as he reached the road he commenced fiddling, but the music which before had sounded sweet to Elias' ear now seemed a hideous medley of jarring sounds.

II.

Elias stood listening until the sound of the fiddle was lost in the woods below; his first feeling was one of anger, and he wished he had struck Jim Rummage to the earth. Then this was succeeded by a vague sensation of sadness, for he did not like the idea of that man's having gone down there where his love was, with his sinister good looks, and especially after his having acknowledged her to be the object of his return,—whether in joke or not, Elias did not know, nor did he care to know: it was enough to his love awakened instinct that such a man was in the vicinity.

He came back to reality with a start. The evening had deepened down: it was growing chilly, and he had to do his chores; but there was a cold feeling at his heart, as if the icy hand of the coming winter had reached out of the future and touched him there.

Returning the book to his pocket with a sigh, he put on his jacket, and went in search of the oxen. By the clink of the chain he soon found them in the briars, and leaving the plow in the half-finished furrow he drove the patient beasts slowly up the hill to the barnyard, through the lonesome shadows of the dusk.

"My! boy! y' ain't ill, air you?" said a rough but motherly voice, as he strode, with a worn look, under the doorway into the kitchen, where in the twilight she was preparing his evening meal.

"I've strange news for you, mother," he said quietly, as he sat down and put his long legs under the table. "Jim Rummage has come back."

"You don't tell! Him as was drowned?"

She started back in the dusk, almost

spilling the bowl of bread and milk she was placing before him.

"Yes, mother. I scarce know'd him at first—he was dressed fine-like, an was playin a fiddle; but it's him and no mistake."

"I thought as I heerd fiddlin some-whars. My, won't the old folks feel good!"

She leaned her hands on the table, and bent over towards him. "An they having put up a marble ter him, 'sacred to mem'ry of James Rummage, who was lost in a storm. The Lord give and the Lord tooketh away; blessed be the name o' the Lord."

"They won't feel so awful good when the newness of his comin has worn off, mother." Then he added wearily, "I'm thinkin it were better for them an others, too, if he were lyin under that very stone at this minit; and, mother, God forgive me, but I wish he were," and he leaned his head on his arms and groaned.

"'Lias, boy, what an awful wish! seems like murder; Lord save us, boy, what's wrong?"

"I'm afraid, mother, as Jim's a bad lot."

"I'm sorry to hear that, 'Lias," she returned; "sorry for his folks; but, 'Lias, boy,"—and she came over and placed her hand on his head,—“what's that ter you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I b'leeve I have mother; only it's a a ghost of the future. O mother!" he sobbed, with his head on the table. "O mother! he said he'd come after my Lizzie."

"I didn't think as I'd live to see Elias Gale jealous of any travellin scamp"(there was reproach and reproff in her voice) "an him a Rummage."

"O, mother, you don't understand, he's so fine lookin, an I am not, an I wouldn't blame Lizzie. I'm afraid as I've been selfish ter want her. I don't think as a girl like Lizzie could really love a feller like me. Seems as if the angels wer'nt good 'nough for her, an you know as Joe Crandall never really

liked the idea. A feller like Jim Rummage would hev a better chance with him, an you know as I'd die if I were ter lose her now. I b'leeve I'd turn into a devil. There, mother, I've been weak; I couldn't help it. It all come so suddent on me, but it's over now. I'll go and think it out." And wiping his eyes with his rough sleeve he rose and went past her out into the dusk.

"'Lias!" she called, "come back an hev yer supper. 'Lias, 'Lias!"

He came back and put his head in at the door.

"You've been so strong all along, every one respects you, 'Lias; an now your not goin ter—not for my sake, 'Lias, you'll not do nothin!"

"Mother, you know me too well," he answered. "Then I love her too well for that,"—and he was gone.

She gazed at the doorway for a moment, then at the untouched bread and milk, and, with a deep sigh, sadly went about her work of getting things ready for the night.

Poor Elias wandered out into the dark, and the love in his heart led him down the road through the swampy woods that lay between him and Joe Crandall's.

All about him lay the dreamy, frosty gleam of the autumn night, and soon over the breathing forest edge would drift in the wintry, fire-fleeced moon. Noises of happy nature from wood, upland and shore struck with no response on his unconscious ear. Love and despair filled his heart. His despair told him it was no use to go and see her; but something else, perhaps a kind of under sense we all have that leads us at times, made him go on. After walking about a mile and a half through the gloomy swamp, he reached a bald sand-hill, and so came into the moon-light, which was now in its first pallid, ghostly dawn, and at the same time into sight of Crandall's house. It was a large, low shanty, built of logs and drift-wood from the shore, and stood near the road, in the moonlight. As he had

come up the hill, his heart smote his side, for he already heard the weird sounds of that cursed fiddle, and knew that his worst fears were realized. Not caring to go in as he now felt, and instinctively knowing that his presence would be out of place, he turned to go back into the darkness; then he changed his mind, and creeping along the log fence in the dark, he stole up like a thief to the house from the side where the shadows were. A dog came round the corner with a low growl, but when he recognized Elias, he licked his hand and grovelled at his feet, as dogs do who trust honest, kind-hearted men. As he drew near the window, the sounds of the fiddle grew louder, mingled with the shuffle of feet as in dancing, and an occasional laugh or other burst of merriment, and, looking in, a sight met his gaze which he never quite forgot, connected as it was with all that was near and dear to his being. The room was cleared for dancing, and two or three young couple were circling round in the middle of the floor in the mazes of a country dance. Mrs. Crandall, another woman, and the children, were congregated near the stove, silently enjoying the scene. Beside the table, from which the tea dishes were not yet removed, sat Joe Crandall, with a flask beside him, evidently in the best of spirits, and right opposite the window where poor Elias stood sat Jim Rummage, fiddling away for all he was worth, his eyes fastened with a basilisk glance on the upturned, radiant face of Lizzie Crandall, who sat near him, seemingly entranced. There was a light on her face when Rummage would fix his eyes on her, which reminded Elias, in his dazed condition, of a bird in the power of a snake.

How long he stayed there he never really knew, but after a while Rummage bent forward and spoke some words to Lizzie, and, giving the fiddle to Crandall to play, he took Lizzie's hand, and they joined the dancers. Elias waited to see no more; his heart

was broken, and with a groan he turned away into the darkness, giving a last glance at the fair face of the girl he loved, but who, he felt, was his no more.

He was not weak or faint-hearted. He was brave enough to have frightened the other man from the field, had he cared to do so, but he was one of those simple, single-souled men, who love from the depths of their being, and whose love renders them unselfish. Then he could not help comparing himself unfavorably—poor, simple fellow—with the other man. He saw his ugliness and uncouthness beside Rummage's strange, wild beauty of face.

"Why did I ever dream of such a thing?" he groaned, as he stumbled down the road into the swamp. "What am I but a clod for her to marry!" Everything now appeared in a different light to him; all awakened by one thing, his lover's heart did see, amid all his stupidity, that this man, with his sinister attractiveness, had awakened a light in his love's eyes such as he had never seen there before. He never fully realized all his feelings as he went home that night; but if any feeling was uppermost, it was self-contempt; his very home and surroundings, though almost as good as Crandall's, and better kept, seemed demeaned by his ownership.

It was late when he got home, but his mother had left a light for him, and his bowl of bread and milk still remained where he had left it. He gazed at it all in a stupid manner, and muttered, "Ter think of bringin' her ter a place like this"—and all the sweet, humble, home comforts, all the simple preparations for the wedding, became petty in comparison with his love's idea of her worth. He went to a little drawer where he kept things most sacred to him, and took out some little trinkets in the way of cheap jewelry he had got for her, and fumbled them over, in a dazed way, in his great toil-blistered hands; then,

with a stifled sob, he put them back, closed the drawer, and, taking the candle, stole into his mother's bedroom; and there she lay, his poor old mother, in restful sleep, with the lines of care and age that each year deepened on her forehead. Then he turned in silence, and, blowing out the candle, crept up through the dark to his own bed in the loft above.

Days drifted into weeks, and still Elias went bravely, with breaking heart, the dreary routine of his rude farm life. He determined to keep up heart, if possible, for his mother's sake, though life to him had become an empty blank of days succeeding dreary days. All that once was of deepest interest now seemed an effort for him to accomplish. He read no more poetry now, and only two lines ran through his brain in a mad way at times:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

"'Twas just so with my future," he would say, "she was too good for the likes of me."

But he worked harder than ever, poor fellow; and on the whole the work was good for him; it helped to keep him from thinking. For he was human after all, and it was hard work to keep down the devil in him when he heard now and again rumors of the doings down at the shore farm.

What made it worse for Elias were the remarks the neighbors made, not to him, but to his mother, and he knew she felt it badly. But one afternoon a garrulous old neighbor came ostensibly to enquire about a pig he had lost.

"Wall, 'Lias, I'd never a b'leeved it. An' you 'gaged ter her, too, an' the time all set; but he's a mighty hansum feller, and Joe's mighty pleased too; but (noting the young man's face) I s'pose ye don't keer to talk of it. Sorry fer ye, 'Lias, but they says as it's ter come off soon. Hain't got any

bacey, hev ye? Oh, I fergot, ye don't chew. Ye oughter chew, 'Lias; it's good for the narves, and mighty consolin'."

But Elias had left him in disgust, and was half across the field before the last sentence was finished.

"Wall, I'll be d——d," was all the little old man could say, as he hobbled off.

With all his strength and despair, Elias could not help at times looking back into his lost Eden, and, bad as he felt, he would go to meeting on Sundays. Here, at any rate, nobody could prevent his getting a glimpse of her face. But it was sorry comfort, and generally Jim Rummage would come with the family. Elias had never been at Crandall's since that eventful night, and had made up his mind never to go again. It would do no good, he thought, and only bring pain to both families.

One afternoon, late in the autumn, when the leaves had almost forsaken the trees, and the forest floors were strewn with the summer's foliage, Mrs. Gale asked Elias to go and get her some water from a certain spring, which was supposed to have medicinal properties. She had sprained her ankle, and though she did not complain much, because of Elias' overpowering trouble, yet he knew it caused her more suffering than she acknowledged. This spring, as she and Elias knew, was situated in a small grove of maples in the centre of a great blackberry patch, and had been a common resort for the young people of the settlement, and many a time Elias and Lizzie had been there together, and she knew it was like opening a wound to ask him to go now, especially on this dreary afternoon, but she really needed the water, or thought she did. She had never, but once, mentioned Lizzie's name to him since that one night, but now she broke down and sobbed, as she said, "I wouldn't hev asked ye, 'Lias, but I need it, my poor boy. God help you;"

and Elias, not being able to contain himself, took the pail and strode off.

It was a bright, frosty afternoon, and the sun was shining, but there was a lonesome wind among the trees,—a sense of broken-heartedness for the dead summer,—that touched Elias' sympathetic heart. He went on and on, sadly and silently, until at last, after half an hour's walk, he came to the edge of the patch, and, taking a path he knew, arrived at the spring. As he approached, if he had only had his eyes about him, he would have noticed a girl's figure standing by the spring, in the shade of the trees; but as he drew near, the figure disappeared in the bushes.

The place and its associations were too much for him, for instead of filling his pail and retracing his steps, he sat down on a decayed log, and buried his face in his hands, and great tears trickled through them and fell to the ground.

He did not know how long he had been sitting in this way, when he felt a pair of soft arms wind about him, and a long-lost voice was whispering and sobbing in his ear: "'Lias, darling! you've suffered all this fer me, an' you

so good and strong." Then it seemed like a dream that he had his lost love in his arms once more, with her flower-like face looking up into his, and then buried in burning blushes on his shoulder, and the poor fellow was weeping for very joy or madness, he could not tell which.

"O, 'Lias, I've been so wicked."

"No, you hain't, Lizzie," he could just say, "I didn't blame you. I know'd it, Lizzie, I could never make you love me as he did."

"You're wrong and yet you're right, 'Lias. He never made me love him; but I was a girl then, 'Lias, an' it was the girl as was carried away by his ways; but the woman was always true to you, 'Lias, though I did not know it till lately. Father was favorable ter him, too, but I told him I'd rather die than marry a bad man. O, 'Lias, your soul seems to look at me right out of your eyes!"

But all poor Elias could do was to hold her in his arms and dream his happiness, while the benediction of love came upon them from the afternoon until it seemed the old pulse of summer throbbed once more in the dried-up sap of the drear autumnal woods.

AN OLD MEMORY.

A garden in its vernal prime
Wert thou, so light and fair;
I envied all the lilies that
Grew and blossomed there.

A boat upon the sunlit sea
Wert thou in life's young day;
I envied all the wavelets that
Kissed thee on thy way.

I look in vain upon the sea
For thy form, as of old;
The garden is a wilderness,
And all its blossoms cold.

CANADIAN DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

SOCIETY'S aims, purposes and plans of procedure change with the succeeding generations which make society continuous. The first half of the nineteenth century was essentially individualistic in its theories. Society was supposed to consist of individuals who, no matter what form that society took, must depend upon themselves as individuals for their temporal improvement and social elevation. It was a *laissez-faire* age. Government functions were restricted as far as possible, and the individual was left to work out his own salvation.

But the latter half of the century has witnessed the growth of new ideas, based upon the conviction that a government—which is society as a unit—can do a great deal for the elevation of the individual. This conviction has been steadily gaining ground. The result in its mildest form is democracy; in its extreme form it is socialism.

Democracy has firmly established itself in the two greatest nations on the North American continent, and these two national governments are being called upon to take an increasing share of the regulation of society's movements and undertakings. Hence democracy is understood and appreciated.

In spite of the fact that so much has been said and written on Socialism, it is understood by very few. Because not understood, it is hated. If well and thoroughly known it might be disapproved of, but would certainly not be hated.

Socialism is simply a phase of the evolution of society from one status to another. Man is continually striving for a betterment of his position, and a part of the striving which is so apparent in the present day is dis-

gnated Socialism. The higher and middle classes, as classes, have less need to better their position than the lower classes, hence it is among the lower classes that socialism takes deepest root. Because it appears most prominently in the talk and actions of the lower classes, it is distrusted by the middle and higher classes. Still, among the latter there are found many men of large heart and brain, who are essentially socialistic.

What is Socialism? Professor Richard T. Ely says: "Socialism, strictly speaking, denotes simply the social system. It is the opposite of individualism. A socialist is one who looks to the society organized in the State for aid in bringing about a more perfect distribution of economic goods and an elevation of humanity." Professor Francis A. Walker says: "It is properly applied to an unconscious tendency, or a conscious purpose, to extend the powers of the State beyond a certain necessary minimum line of duties, for a supposed public good, under popular impulse."

If this is socialism, should it frighten any person? Should it be the object of unsympathetic denial or biased criticism? As a system, it is based on certain assumed arguments, which it is preferable to controvert than ignore.

Canada has not remained untouched by the doctrines and principles of socialism. The system in its highest and most developed form may not have been publicly considered, but the fact that many measures of governments and municipalities are distinctly socialistic, and that the thoughts of a large body of the citizens of this country are turned upon this system, can be readily shown. By understanding and recognizing this move-

ment, the thinking people of this fair Dominion can see its benefits and receive them, see its evils and avoid them.

One of the oldest democratic or socialistic movements in this country is governmental control of education. Clause 93 of the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada (B.N.A. Act, 1867), declares that in and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject to certain provisions. Each Provincial Legislature controls and aids the schools of the Province, which are supported by taxes levied on all taxable property. Our Public Schools are distinctly Socialistic. The child of the poorest citizen may secure a good education without cost, except for books. In the larger cities of Ontario, this system has been extended so that even books and other school requisites are supplied free. The next step will undoubtedly be, that the children of the poorest classes shall be properly clothed and fed at the public expense during their school age. In this respect the United States and Canada are more socialistic than Great Britain, for it is not yet twenty-five years since the education of children became a governmental function in the British Isles. No one can readily condemn such a socialistic scheme as this. The results in the elevation of the masses are too apparent to need proof, and he who runs may read.

Protectionism is another essentially socialistic movement. It is the effort of a young and small division to bring itself up to the point of strength already attained by an older and stronger division. The plan itself may be condemned or applauded, but the motive remains unchanged. "Its purpose," says Francis A. Walker in his *Political Economy*, "is so to operate upon individual choices and aims, so to influence private enterprise and the investments of capital, as to secure the building up, within the country concerned, of certain branches of produc-

tion which could not be carried on, or would grow but slowly, under the rule of competition and individual initiative. With this object in view, government begins by preventing the citizen from buying where he can buy cheapest; it compels him to pay ten, thirty or fifty per cent. advance, it may be, upon the price at which he could otherwise purchase; it even assumes the right to make existing industries support the industries which are to be called into being. Not incidentally, but primarily and of purpose, it affects virtually every man's industrial conditions and relations. It does this for a supposed national good." It aims to limit the market of the larger and stronger division, and enlarge that of the weaker division, and thus strengthen the latter in comparison with the former.

But this protective principle is manifested in other ways than in protective tariffs on imported goods. It is followed when a town bonuses a manufacturing industry. The citizens of that town pay a certain amount of money over to the manufacturer with the expectation that in return they shall reap an equal or greater pecuniary benefit, which shall come to them as individual citizens. It is a public undertaking for the general benefit of those who comprise the community. This same principle obtains, when, as in Toronto, all manufacturing plant is exempted from taxation. It obtains where the labor unions influence city or town councils to pay certain rates of wages by all contractors for the supply of firemen and police clothing, of block or other pavements, and like municipal necessities. It obtains where labor organizations influence governments and municipal corporations to require that laborers on public works shall work only a limited number of hours each day.

A most cogent example of a socialistic undertaking is the formation of Good Roads Associations which is now going on in this country. The custom

of charging tolls on roads that have been built by private enterprise is passing away. The great public advantage of roads built and maintained at public expense has become apparent to all, and is being rapidly secured. The question has been taken up very heartily by the press, and this movement shows signs of rapid progress. It is the signal for further plans on a larger scale.

The supplying of gas and electric lights by a municipal corporation at the expense of the municipality is another socialistic undertaking. The plant may be owned and managed by the corporation, or the monopoly for its supply may be farmed out to the person willing to pay most for it, but in either case it is a public undertaking for the public good. The control of street-railways and telephone lines is in the same category.

This naturally leads to the consideration of a broader and more important socialistic movement—the control of post-offices, telegraph lines and railways by the Federal Government. In Canada, the post-office is controlled by the government for the general benefit of the country, but the telegraph lines and railways are still in the hands of private corporations. In Great Britain this socialistic movement has obtained greater results, and the telegraph as well as post office are under governmental management. But the day is not distant when all the telegraph and railway lines on the North American Continent shall be in the hands of the governments. The agitation for this is not new, but it is stronger to-day than it ever was, and victory will soon be its laurel wreath.

The subsidizing of ocean steamboat lines is another socialistic movement now making its appearance in Canada. This is a governmental undertaking for the general public benefit; it is socialism in a mild form. It proves that the Canadian Government has, it believes, functions of a higher and more exalted character than its mere

police functions—the primary functions for which all governments exist.

Taking all the foregoing facts into consideration, it can be safely asserted that socialism in a mild form—the form called democracy—has taken deep root in Canada. Assuming this as proved, and knowing that socialism is a movement essentially characteristic of this century, growing stronger as the century advances, it must be admitted that the movement is likely to become more radical. Extreme socialism is likely to follow moderate socialism or democracy, and in extreme socialism lie many dangers. Should private enterprise, personal choices and aims and individual action be lost in the general workings of society or government, certain changes will be necessary which at first sight are appalling to the conservative classes of the present.

Modern extreme socialism is the product of the present century. About the time of the French revolution, the old feudal system passed away and modern society began. Trade and manufactures made the emancipated third estate wealthy, and the fourth estate—the wage-earners—came into existence. The disputes between capital and labor have given rise to socialism, communism and anarchism. All the plans proposed aim to elevate the working classes by giving them a greater share in the product of their labor.

Babœuf was about the earliest of French socialists, and was most active between 1790 and 1797. His aim was equality. He desired to form a large common property out of the wealth of the corporations and public institutions. By abolishing inheritance, all property would in fifty years become nationalized. Officers chosen by public vote were to direct production and distribution.

Cabet was a Frenchman and founder of the Icarian settlement in Texas in 1848. His system was communistic rather than socialistic. All were to

share equally in his fraternal republic.

Saint-Simon, another Frenchman, was the originator of the Panama canal scheme, and one who firmly believed that the golden age of humanity was not behind us but ahead of us. His most celebrated work was: "Nouveau Christianism," in which he attempts to discover an authority which shall rule the inner life as well as the external acts. Universal peace is to be established, and labor guaranteed to all—a doctrine now very strongly advocated by the labor organizations of the present day. He believed in recompense according to merit rather than equality. He did not wish to destroy but reconstruct. This is pure socialism. He believed in social reform and predicted the formation of labor parties. He died in 1825.

Fourier (1772-1837) was an idealist. He constructed an elaborate social scheme which should promote truth, honesty, economy of resources and the development of natural propensities. He aimed to produce harmony by association in small communities. He gave a great impetus to co-operative production. Fourierism obtained a hold in America between 1840 and 1845, and among the names connected with it were Albert Brisbane, Horace Greely, Charles A. Dana, George Wm. Curtis, Dr. Channing and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Louis Blanc (1813-1882) denounced this age of competition and universal warfare, as it prevented man's proper development. He would form the world into a fraternity having all things in common, but proposed to abolish private industry gradually. Not equality but needs are to determine the distribution of products—every man to produce according to his qualities and consume according to his wants.

Proudhon was an extremist, believing private property *per se* was a monstrosity—a robbery. Had he lived to-day, he might have been an anar-

chist; in fact, the anarchists of France draw their inspiration from him.

Rodbertus (1805-1875), the Ricardo of socialism, directed most of his attention to pauperism and commercial and financial crises. The first is due to capitalists and landlords, the latter to the continued decrease in labor's share of this world's goods. The state must therefore interfere and see that labor gets its share. He did not belittle capital or land, but desired by abolishing the capitalist and landlord classes to make all men equal.

Karl Marx (1818-1883) is the author of the famous book: "Das Capital"—the Bible of social democrats and a book which has now great influence in the United States and Canada. He believed in evolution and that the present age of capitalistic production would pass away and be replaced by an association of laborers. To him in a great measure is due the International Working Men's Association, a society based on social democratic principles and intended to embrace all the laborers of Christendom. A second International was founded by Bakounin, and was repulsively anarchistic. The International has caused no end of trouble to the governments of Europe, and there is little doubt that it has many members in the United States and a few in Canada. Its aim is destruction, and its means are the knife and the bomb.

Such is the extreme socialism that may some day in the near future force itself into Canada. Among the laborers of this country who have felt the biting stings of poverty, it smoulders. It lurks in strange places, ever and anon breaking forth in sparks which betoken perhaps the lurid flames of the future. The labor organizations of the U.S. are controlled by agitators and dreamers, men who, in a general destruction, would have nothing to lose and every thing to gain. They share, to a great extent, the wild revolutionary spirit of the off-scouring of Europe, who, hunted from their

native lands, have fled for refuge to the United States, the land where all men are citizens. In that country they have become members of the labor organizations, and are sowing the seed of discontent and lawlessness. The labor organizations of Canada, being federated or allied with those of the United States, are affected by these teachings. The literature of these wild schemers and professional agitators is read by yet honest Canadian laborers. But the seeds of poison weeds are being sown. The Canadian who goes to the United States in search of a supposed El Dorado, returns with the poverty he took away, but with new and devilish ideas. The latter he imparts to those who have seen less of the world than he.

The conflicts between labor and capital in the United States are increasing in number and viciousness. The far-seeing members of that community see, in its restless foreign population, a great and immediate danger to the stability of the State. Should a conflict ensue, the connection between the labor organizations of this country and those of the United States might create a disturbance in Canada. If the laboring classes of the United States lose their reason, and trust to the bullet and bomb rather than common sense, why should the Canadian laborer not be strangely agitated?

The social problems of the day are most important in both the United States and Canada. It is to democracy that both countries must look to save

them from anarchism. Democracy would elevate the worst and poorest classes. Anarchism has nothing to feed upon when these are removed. Those who have wealth and position must face these problems seriously instead of lolling on their couches of ease. The number of mere wage-earners—men who will always be such—is yearly increasing, and capital has no strength in a struggle with this element. It is only by easing the poverty of the masses that fanaticism will be prevented.

No radical changes are immediately needed, but many measures which will tend to elevate the masses press for immediate consideration. The growth of great soulless corporations must be prevented; the massing of much wealth in the possession of single families must be avoided; disputes between capital and labor must be settled by arbitration, so that the harmony between capital and labor will be preserved; the education of the masses must be pressed with renewed vigor, so that anarchism cannot be begotten amidst ignorance and superstition; the crowding of the poor into unhealthy portions of great cities must be avoided, because a pure mind exists only in a pure body. These are a few of the socialistic schemes which can be undertaken to discount the troubles of the future. With these undertaken and successfully carried out, extreme socialism would cease to be a menace and anarchism cease to be a nightmare.



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY J. DONALD MORRISON.

“You may chaff all you please, boys, as to my being a short, sawed-off heap of humanity, for I am not thin-skinned, although I must own to the soft impeachment that when I was a younger man in the profession, I often bemoaned the fact that I was not going to be so tall as the majority of my fellow-men; but there came an epoch in my life when the smallness of my stature alone saved me from an ignominious end, my carcass from being scorched in the sun, and saved me, too, from swinging on a tree branch, acting as Judge Lynch’s ominous warning to outlaws, robbers, etc., as to what their fate would be.

“Is this a fairy tale you are telling us, Donald,” asked George McLean, “or something one reads in the despatches, but in reality never comes across?”

Perhaps so, George, and many the time when I have been sitting on the verandah smoking a weed, my thoughts have reverted back to that awful time when life was never so sweet or precious,—as when I was undergoing that terrible ordeal, with death and all its gruesome horrors staring me in the face: and when I arouse myself from a reverie, it seems as if I was the victim of some terrible dream.

“This is getting somewhat interesting,” remarked Fred Travers, “and as it is half an hour before the paper goes to press, I guess you had better tell us the story. What say you, boys?”

“Why, certainly,” was the chorus; “tell us the story, Donald.”

Well, boys, it was about six months after I had arrived out from the old country that the incident of which I have been speaking took place. But before jumping to the tragedy, I think it is only right that I should give you the prologue of the drama

in which I took such a conspicuous part.

Whilst on the passage out from Liverpool on the Dominion Line steamship Oregon, I fell in with Malcolm McAllister, a young, healthy, and well-educated Scotch farmer, who having just married an equally brilliant lassie, was coming out to Canada to try his fortune at farming. As we dined at the same table day after day, and promenaded the deck from noon till night, our friendship got warmer, and we exchanged confidences as to what our future was to be. He was going some miles across the country to take up his grant of land, and there would build his home, whilst I was going to settle down to newspaper life in a large, bustling city. Before we parted to go to our several destinations, we promised to correspond with each other, and he also exacted a promise from me that I would come and stay a little while with him and his wife on their farm.

When I had been settled down a few weeks, and was in full swing of routine work, I wrote to McAllister, giving him my address, and a few particulars of what I was doing, etc., etc., and received in return a very graphic description of the country, of his 300 acres of land, of the house which he had built thereon, of his horses, cattle, poultry, and of the river which flowed past his land, and of the tall mountain peaks rising abruptly in the distance, of the heavily timbered wood, abounding in game, and of the clear lake whose surface pictured the whole environs, and concluded with the renewal of an invitation to visit them. We kept up the correspondence between us for several months, when one Thursday morning

I received a letter much shorter than usual,—but by the way, boys, I have got the letter in my pocket book, and with your permission I'll read it to you:—

THE HIGHLAND CREEK,
August 26th, 189—

MY DEAR DONALD,

Many thanks for the papers you have been sending, and for your kind letters, and I trust you will overlook my seeming inattention in not replying before, but during the past fortnight great trouble has been overshadowing our happy home. Consequently the work on the farm has been neglected, and I now turn to you as my friend to ask you to take a holiday, and come and stay at my place, where you will not only be able to do me a good turn by assisting to put matters straight, but you will also have an opportunity to have plenty of sport as regards shooting and fishing. I am expecting you, and I hope you will come, for you remember you promised to do so to your affectionate friend,

MALCOLM McALLISTER.

P.S.—Like a woman I must have a P.S., but I have suddenly remembered that I am running short of ammunition, so please bring me a supply for the winter, for which I enclose \$20 to defray same. Bring your Winchester along with you —Mc.

Well, boys, after reading the letter a couple of times, I made up my mind that I would ask the chief to give me a fortnight's leave of absence. As luck would have it, one of our fellows named Jennings was returning on the Friday night from the trip to New York, and as soon as the chief learned this, he readily gave his consent to my going away, as it was my first vacation since joining the staff. You can bet your life, boys, I was not long in making preparations for starting, and after despatching a telegram to McAllister, informing him that I was coming, there wasn't a man in the whole Dominion more at peace with the world than I was when I boarded the C. P. R. cars at the dépôt on the Saturday morning. After a few hours' ride, I got off at a wayside dépôt, and, on enquiry, was informed that to reach the Highland Creek, I should have to ride across country, but with a good horse I could reach

my destination in about three hours. Slinging my Winchester across my shoulder, I went to the hostelry to hire a horse. I had my choice of the stable by taking a bay mare named Buttercup, which was twelve hands high, a good pacer, and was well broken in. I watched with considerable interest the colored groom saddle the mare, and the affectionate manner in which he spoke to her, the brute seeming to understand every word.

"You seem fond of the mare, Sam?"

"Wall, I should say so, sah! I guess there is not a better bit of 'oss flesh about the country; the boss calls her Buttercup, but don't you think she is a daisy?"

I was soon mounted, and, tipping Sam a quarter for his trouble, I casually enquired, "I suppose she can go?"

"Go," said Sam, with a look of reproach, "just try her: but say, stranger, treat her well: don't worry her with the bit or spur. Just call her by name, and she'll go like an arrow."

The last words of Sam died on the air, as I rode away at a smart pace, for I was anxious to reach McAllister's place as soon as possible. After a run across the country, up a steep hill and down an equally steep one, I came to a broad stretch of land without habitation, and although it was wild and desolate it had a kind of charm to me, for was I not away from the busy city with its noise. As the mare was getting warm after her smart run, I drew the rein in to the left, and under the shade of some bushes I hobbled Buttercup so that she could graze, and I soon commenced to put away some sandwiches, for the ride had made me pretty hungry, and, after washing them down with a draught of Adam's ale from the stream flowing alongside, I soon had my old companion the pipe ready for a smoke. I had taken about a couple of whiffs and was thinking that perhaps, after all, I was born under a lucky planet when I was able to lie on my back and breathe the fresh,

invigorating air, whilst the other boys were working hard in the city, when my mare suddenly stopped grazing pricked up her ears, lifted her head nervously and neighed. I at once jumped up and saw a horse coming along at a good speed, riderless; but as soon as it sighted my mare, it slackened its pace and came towards us. I hung back, and as soon as it came alongside my hiding-place, I jumped out and caught it by the bridle. The horse was bespattered with mud and was very excited, but a few cheery words and a petting soon quieted him. Whilst I was trying to collect my scattered thoughts—for I believe I was as nervous as the horse—a moan broke on the stillness of the air. It gave me quite a start, and I exclaimed, "Good heavens! that must be from the rider, who has either met with an accident or foul play." Hobbling the horse, I stood for a few seconds listening intently for the least possible sound, for I had no idea where the sound came from, when presently I heard another moan, more faintly than the first, but still very plainly. Seizing my rifle, I ran at the top of my speed, and had got some distance when my ear caught another moan, but this time behind me. I stopped short and wended my way back slowly and cautiously for about twenty yards, when I saw marks of horses' hoofs and trampled brushwood, and on closer examination I found the object of my search. A man was lying on his back with one leg in the water and the other doubled up under it. Blood was flowing from his forehead, and this having trickled over his face, he looked quite ghastly. As he lay quite still, I thought I had reached him too late to be of service, but to my intense relief and delight, immediately that I knelt beside him, he opened his eyes and uttered in feeble tones, "Thank God!"

In a jiffy I had out my handkerchief, and, dipping it in the stream, washed the blood off his face, and to make him more comfortable, I proceeded to take

his legs out of the water. To help him to rise I caught hold of his hand, but immediately I did so, he fell back and fainted. Putting my spirit flask to his lips, and pouring a little of the liquid down his throat, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my patient recover.

"How did it happen?" I exclaimed.

"I hardly know. I am a medical man, and was returning home from visiting a patient about six miles away, and, as I have been doing so for the past fortnight, I generally stop here and water the horse."

"Where is Jerry?" anxiously queried the doctor. "Oh! he's all right, it was through him that I found you, but go on with your story, doctor."

"How far have I told you?" On being informed, the doctor said, "Well, there is not much more to tell you. I was trotting along when my horse suddenly shied at a rabbit which had been disturbed at our approach, and threw me over. I cut myself, as you see by the blood which you have washed off my face, and I tried to pull myself together, but on placing my hands to the ground to raise myself, I fell over on my back exhausted, and I remember no more until I came to my senses and found you bending over me and washing the blood off my face. I see I have strained my wrist; it must have been that which made me faint when you tried to raise me."

"Well, I guess, doctor, you are all right now, eh?"

"Yes, thanks to you, my friend, I am all right, as you say, but if it had not been for your timely aid, I shudder to think of what my fate would have been. By the way," continued the doctor, "what is your name sir? I see you are a stranger, for I know the folks here for fifty miles around, and I should like us to become friends."

"Yes, doctor, I am, as you truly say, a stranger to these parts. I am going to put in a couple of weeks with a friend of mine who has a farm, to bring up muscle and also to have some

sport with the rifle. It is not often that a city man like myself gets such an opportunity."

"Yes, that is true. I know what it is to want the fresh air of the country; it puts me in mind of my college days. But you have not yet told me your name."

"Oh! excuse me, doctor, I quite forgot it. My name, sir, is Donald Morrison. Here is my card."

"What! is it really possible?" exclaimed the doctor in evident alarm—looking at me and the card alternately—"Surely it cannot be."

I thought the doctor was rambling in his mind, from the effects of the blow, and held out my hands to stop him from falling, when he straightened himself up and said in firm, decided tones, "Stand back, sir! I see you are armed and prepared to do another fiendish deed at your first opportunity, but I warn you, you will be hounded down, for the officers of the law are already on your track."

"What do you mean, doctor. I have never done any such deed that I am aware of," I replied, laughing at the same time at the seriousness of the man.

"You have not, eh? Well, you are a cool customer! Don't you call shooting a man through your pocket in cold blood a fiendish deed. But, again I say beware, Morrison, a day of retribution will come, when you will meet your deserts."

I then began to think that the doctor was either a maniac or was making a terrible mistake in taking me for some other man.

Throwing off my belt containing my revolver, I exclaimed, "Doctor, I know nothing of what you speak of."

"You don't, eh?" sneered the doctor at the same time picking up my revolver. "You don't know that Donald Morrison is an outlaw, a murderer, and that a reward of \$3,000 is offered by the Quebec Government for his capture."

"I have never heard of him, I do

declare, for I have only been in the country six months, as my friend Malcolm McAllister, a farmer in this province, will bear witness to."

"What, McAllister your friend?"

"Yes, my friend. We came from the old country together, and it was to his place I was going when I came to your rescue. Did I act like an outlaw or a murderer when I attended you, doctor?"

A twinge of pain in the doctor's voice made him relent a little, and he said, "No! I suppose I must try and think that I have made a mistake."

"Of course you have made a mistake, doctor, and one that might have placed my life in a very jeopardous position. McAllister is my friend, and here is a letter that I received from him a few days ago," and I handed him the letter which I have just read to you, boys.

"Yes, I see I have made a horrible blunder. This letter speaks of a misfortune befalling their household. That is quite true; his wife gave birth to a little boy, but it only survived its birth a few hours, and since that time the wife has been in such a low state of health, that he nearly lost her. I was on my way home from McAllister's ranch when I met with my mishap, and now I come to remember, he told me that he had written to a gentleman in the city to come and stay with him. And to think that I should have mistaken you for the outlaw, ha! ha! ha! that is indeed a good joke; but there, I must be going home now, but before doing so, give me your hand; lad, you have done me a good turn and if you ever need a friend, rely on Dr. Miller."

"Where do you live, doctor?"

"About two miles from here; and by the way, what do you say to coming over to my place. I will introduce you to my wife, who is from your part of the country, and after taking luncheon, you can then ride over to McAllister's ranch within a couple of hours."

As I was naturally curious to learn something about the man who bore

the same name as myself, but who, instead, was an outlaw, and for whose arrest a large reward was offered, I replied, "Thank you, doctor, I accept your kind offer, now I will go and fetch the horses."

On returning a few minutes later, leading the horses, I found the doctor standing in the same place where I had left him, staring vacantly, and evidently unconscious of his surroundings.

"Are you in pain, doctor?"

"Oh, no! I was just thinking of the terrible mistake I made."

"Don't let that worry you, doctor; mistakes will happen in the best regulated families, you know, and besides, I suppose it was the name I bear that is the sole cause of the trouble."

"Yes; that's so, my lad."

After assisting the doctor to mount his horse, and springing lightly into my saddle, we started at a very slow pace, so as not to jolt the doctor, and I at once opened the conversation by saying, "Who is this Donald Morrison? He must be a notorious character to startle you as he did when I first mentioned the name?"

"Yes, I suppose it is only fair that I should tell you about this namesake of yours, and so explain the reason of my blunder:—

"The Donald Morrison trouble arose over the mortgage and sale of a piece of land to a Major M. B. McAuley, of Springhill. Donald, his father, and his brother Murdock, were interested in the farm, and the former alleged that he had been cheated out of \$900, by McAuley, on the sale. He brought an action against McAuley, but lost, and this seems to have preyed on his mind. A warrant was subsequently issued against Morrison in connection with these transactions, but he evaded service for some time, and asserted that he would shoot the man who tried to serve him with the warrant. On June 22nd, he was in Megantic. There he saw Warren, who had the warrant with him, and on the latter

trying to serve it, Morrison shot him dead in the street. After the shooting, he coolly walked away and for months kept out of sight. In the following spring, public opinion asserted its indignation at the inaction of the Provincial authorities in the matter, although it was known that the murderer was in hiding in the woods of Megantic and Maine, and in frequent communication with his friends. Finally, detective Carpenter was sent for, and was assisted by seven Provincial police, six jail guards and eleven men of No. 1 company, 6th Batt., under Lieut. Blouin, but up to the present all their efforts to arrest the outlaw, as Morrison has now become, have been fruitless. At the latter part of March, Judge Dugas left Montreal, accompanied by the high constable and ten men of the city police. Judge Dugas had a midnight interview with Morrison, who offered to give himself up on conditions which were too preposterous to be entertained. Then began a hot chase after Morrison, reminding one of the times of Rob Roy. The outlaw had been seen wandering through the townships of Marsden, Winslow and Whitton, which are densely wooded and but thinly populated. The residents, with true Scottish clannishness and loyalty, are reported to be standing by him, and supplying him with food. He has been seen by them daily, and is frequently quite close to the police without their having any suspicion. He is well armed, carrying a rifle and two six-chambered revolvers. The woods have been searched for him, and a party of men have even been through some unused mines in the hope of finding him there, but he has successfully eluded the vigilance of the whole force. The authorities are beginning to despair, and the country, it must be confessed, is laughing at them. Four friends of the outlaw have been seized and sent to Sherbrooke jail, charged with aiding him, and the ministers have been asked to persuade their

congregations to reveal his hiding-place. But it seems their Gaelic spirit cannot be broken, for they say it is for the authorities to find him; let them do their duty! Be that as it may, I am afraid that this namesake of yours cannot remain in hiding much longer, and I shall not be surprised to hear at any time that he has been captured."

The doctor completed his interesting story as we drew up at his door, and after a shout of "Hello there, Josh!" a colored groom soon made his appearance and took the horses into the stable, while we went into the house.

We had no sooner entered, before a lady, having seen the doctor's head and wrist bandaged, exclaimed, "What is the matter, Frank? Are you hurt?"

"Only a little cut and bruised, dear; that is all; but I have had a narrow escape, and if it had not been—but bless my days, I have not yet introduced you—Mary, this is Mr. Donald Morrison, of—"

"What! the outlaw here?" shrieked Mrs. Miller, shrinking away from me as if I had the plague.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!! Don't be alarmed dear. You have fallen into the same error as I did at first. This is not the outlaw, but a young city gentleman, who is going over to McAllister's ranch to spend a week's vacation; and for the great service he did me to-day, I am proud to shake him by the hand and call him friend."

These kind words of the doctor seemed to take a great load off my heart. And, suiting the action to his words, he shook my hand warmly, exclaiming at the same time, "And now Isabella, why are you so quiet, dear? Let us have some lunch—there's a good girl—I feel as hungry as a wolf, as the saying goes. I don't know how you feel, Morrison, my boy."

"The dinner has been ready this half hour, Frank, waiting entirely for you," laughingly exclaimed Mrs. Miller, who had regained her composure, "but what with the fright I received through seeing your bandages, and

then being introduced to Mr. Morrison, whom I mistook for the outlaw, I hardly know what excuses to make."

"Pray don't try, Mrs. Miller," said I, interrupting her, and speaking for the first time, and with as much *sans froid* as if I was used to being called an outlaw every day of my life.

Laughingly we went into the dining-room, and were soon busy in enjoying our lunch, for to tell you the truth, boys, I was as hungry as a hunter. During the meal I said, jokingly, "I suppose I must consider myself in the future as Donald Morrison, the outlaw." I had no sooner finished the sentence, when the servant girl brought in some papers and letters which had just come by the mail, and the doctor, putting on his spectacles, preparatory to reading his correspondence, smilingly replied: "Oh, yes, why certainly you are Donald Morrison, the outlaw, and I think I shall claim that \$3,000 reward offered by the Mercier Government for your arrest."

The servant was busying herself with the sideboard: and noticing when she first came into the room that she was rather a pretty girl, my eyes wandered mechanically towards her, and I found her gazing intently at me. I gave her a smile, but she was so confused that she blushed red as a summer rose and immediately left the room. Whilst thinking what a charming little girl she was, my cogitation was suddenly interrupted by the doctor, who was reading the *Sherbrooke Bugle*, suddenly exclaiming: "Hurrah! Hurrah!! here's something that will interest you, Morrison. Listen to this:

"This evening, about eight o'clock, word was brought to the village by Constable Peter Leroyer that Morrison was captured, and had been wounded in trying to resist. It appears that Constable McMahon and Pete Leroyer, the Indian guide, saw Morrison enter his father's house. As he was leaving, McMahon called to him to throw up his hands. Three shots from a revolver was his reply to this command; to which the constables both returned fire, one of the balls

striking Morrison on the left hip. The constables immediately secured him, and Constable Leroyer ran to the village for assistance. At four o'clock the next morning, Morrison was safe in Sherbrooke jail, just ten months after the commission of the crime.

"That is what I call a smart capture," said the Doctor, without looking up from his paper, "and I see here's a later despatch to the chief of police at Montreal, confirming the report:—

'Marsden—Have arrested Morrison — McMAHON.'

"Well! well! well! it is indeed a good job; he is captured before any more blood was spilled," exclaimed the doctor, folding up the paper and placing it in his pocket. "I think we had better have a smoke after that: what say you, old fellow?"

I readily assented, and we smoked and chatted on various topics for a considerable time, and I was feeling quite at home, when I suddenly realized that I had several miles to go, and as McAllister would naturally be wondering what had become of me, I promptly made preparations for my departure.

After saying good-bye to Mrs. Miller, the doctor and I went around to the stables to fetch my mare. Whilst the colored groom was saddling the animal, I turned to the doctor, and said: "Oh, I have forgotten my belt. I hung it up on the hat rack when I entered the house, and I have come away without it." "Is that so," queried the doctor, "I'll soon bring it to you."

By the time he returned, Joshua had finished fastening the last strap, and was holding the head of Buttercup, who was pawing the ground impatiently for a start. Whilst buckling my belt, Joshua evidently noticed the revolvers, for he remarked, "Are they loaded, sah?"

"Well, Josh, you can just bet your last dollar that these sons of guns are loaded. Shall I try and bore a hole through you as an experiment," said I,

looking seriously, and winking at the doctor, as I lifted myself into the saddle.

"Well, I declare, Josh, you are actually trembling," said his master.

"No, I ain't, boss, it is de wind dat is blowing up my trousers, dat is all."

This remark of Josh made us both laugh heartily, and taking the reins in one hand, I extended the other to the doctor, who, pressing it warmly, exclaimed, "Good-bye, Morrison, my friend. Don't forget to come around and see us to-morrow, like a good fellow." "All right!" I shouted, as I rode away, "I'll come around sure," and, waving my hat in adieu, I was soon some distance from my newly found friends.

I had not ridden more than a mile across the country when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming after me at a great rate, and within a few minutes I heard a shout of "Hello, there!" I paid no particular attention to it, but within a short time the cry again rang out, and as I heard it more distinctly this time, I knew at once that they were fast gaining on me. Remembering Sam's advice not to worry the mare with the spur, I said to Buttercup, "Now, old girl, I want you to run as you have never run before," and the faithful brute, as if understanding every word I uttered, unlimbered herself into a hard gallop. I thought by this means that I could get rid of my followers. I did not know who they were, and besides I had had quite enough of adventure for one day, without seeking any more, when all of a sudden I heard a report, and, in less time than it takes to tell, a bullet whizzed by me. I was now somewhat alarmed for my safety, and, while feeling that my own pistols were O.K., I could not resist the temptation of pricking Buttercup with the spur. It seemed as if the brave little beast was literally flying over the ground, when another report rang out, this time, the bullet grazing the haunches of Buttercup,

making an ugly wound. She staggered for a second, but, recovering herself, she kept up for a considerable time; but eventually, as her pace got slower and slower, I could hear my followers coming nearer and nearer, until I fancied I could almost distinguish their voices. Again one of them shouted—"Hello there, Donald Morrison."

When I heard my name mentioned, a hot and cold sensation seemed to creep over me, and before I knew what I was doing, I suddenly pulled up the mare, jumped off the saddle, folded my arms, and awaited my pursuers.

There were five of them—five big, muscular fellows, fully armed, and to my surprise, before I had time to ask them what they wanted, I saw Josh (Dr. Miller's groom) also ride up. Although I was inwardly nervous, and no doubt considerably flushed, I pride myself that I was remarkably cool under the circumstances, for, as the men leaped from their saddles and crowded around me, I drew my revolvers, and exclaimed: "What is the meaning of this outrage, boys. You are five to one, but I have twelve shots here, and if I die, some one of the crowd will help to fill up my grave."

"Before we have any shooting match, I want to ask you one question," cried their leader, "Is your name Donald Morrison?"

"It is, but what has that to do with you, men?"

"Everything to do with us. There is a reward of \$3,000 offered for your arrest, dead or alive, and as we are anxious to get that snug little sum, I guess you had better put up your fire irons, and give in quietly."

"The first man that dares to lay a finger on me, I'll shoot down like a dog."

"That settles it," cried their leader "you are Donald Morrison, and as wicked as ever, but if you show fight, so do we; now then, boys, seize him."

There was a scuffle, but of short

duration, for within a few minutes I was bound hand and foot. On hissing between my teeth, "Cowards," the leader replied, "All is fair in love and war, Donald; we are no cowards, and we admire your pluck, but you are a criminal, and we are doing our duty to society in capturing you."

"I am no criminal; I am a city gentleman on a pleasure journey."

"You will go on a longer and more pleasant journey before long," remarked one of the crowd, who was immediately silenced by the leader, who said: "You acknowledge that you are Donald Morrison, don't you?" I made no reply, but this did not affect the leader, who continued: "Here's the proclamation for your arrest, dead or alive, for shooting a man named Warren."

After reading the proclamation, he turned to the gang and said? "Now boys, what shall we do with him? Shall we hand him over to the authorities, or shall we take the law into our own hands and hang him?"

As if by one impulse the whole gang shouted: "Hang him!" and suiting the action to the words, one man put the rope around my neck. Words fail me to express the awful sensation I was undergoing during this time, for the men had bared their heads, and even thought the occasion too solemn to speak. The silence was broken by the leader exclaiming: "Now Donald, in five minutes time you will be launched into eternity, so if there is any reasonable request you want to make, such as to pray, or to send a message home, you can do so, but we must have justice."

"Justice!" I sneeringly replied, "this is not justice, this is downright murder. I am not Donald Morrison, the outlaw, as you will see for yourselves if you only take the trouble to study the other lines as much as you have the big line of \$3,000 reward."

"What's wrong with the proclamation?"

"Look for yourselves. The procla-

mation states that the man you want has both dark hair and moustache, while I have both fair hair and moustache. Another thing, the proclamation states that Morrison, the outlaw, is 5 feet 10 inches in height. Look at me, I am only 5 feet 3 inches, and I tell you what it is, men, if you hang me, in the face of these facts, it will be downright murder. Besides, I am not bound to be a dead man for you to get the blood money. Let me live, and so give me a chance to prove my innocence."

"Gee whiz, that's so. I won't be a party to hanging," shouted one of the men. "Or I either, if he can prove his innocence," said another.

"Well boys, we are sure of the money, but the job of stringing him up is luckily taken out of our hands."

"How is that, Bill?"

"Why, don't you see the sheriff and his men coming along over there to the left?"

"Yes, I see them, and the sheriff is waving something."

"Now, Morrison, we'll see whether you are guilty or innocent," whispered one of the men to me.

"I am not afraid to die."

"Perhaps you won't have to, my friend," he replied, and although I said nothing, I secretly hoped and prayed that I would not.

Within a few minutes there was a regular clatter of horses' hoofs, and as they drew nearer I saw that the two leaders were evidently racing to see who could reach the scene first, and on looking closer I noticed that the one on the right-hand side had his head bandaged, and to my intense relief, I found that the new arrivals were Dr. Millar and McAllister.

Jumping off their horses, they did not stand on any ceremony, but pushing aside the men, and, to the utter amazement of my captors, while the doctor removed the rope from off my neck, McAllister had whipped out his knife, and in a twinkling had cut the cords which bound me.

"What are you doing, doctor?" some of the gang asked.

"Doing," replied the doctor, at the same time facing them, "the same as I have done for Mr. Morrison here, saving your necks from the scaffold, and it is fortunate for you that I reached here in time."

"But are you going to let him free?"

"Yes, men, as free as the birds in the air," cried McAllister, his eyes glistening with rage, and speaking for the first time. "This is not the outlaw, but a friend of mine, and," broke in the doctor, "here's the proofs." And, opening the newspaper, he read to them the account of Morrison's capture.

The excitement proved a little too much for me, for tears commenced to start in my eyes, which was intensified when the leader shouted: "Three cheers for Donald Morrison, No. 2." This was given with a will, and on one of the men asking the doctor how he knew that they had captured me, he replied: "Oh, that was very simple. The servant girl told Josh that we had a gentleman named Donald Morrison taking lunch with us, and he, poor simpleton, (and here the doctor cast a withering glance at frightened Josh), went and got together you fellows. Directly I heard of it, I made for the stables and found a horse missing. Fortunately Joshua, in his hurry, took the tired horse, Jerry, which I had been riding all day, and so, mounting on a fresh cob, I quickly followed in pursuit. I had not gone far when I met McAllister, who, being at a loss to account for Mr. Morrison not turning up to his place, had come out to look for him. I knew then that something had happened, but I dreaded to think with what result; but, thank God, I have found him all safe."

The poor fellows were terribly sore at the mistake they had made, and as soon as they had learned the truth, were now just as eager for me to live as they were five minutes before for

me to die. As they crowded around me and shook hands, one of the men rather sheepishly returned my revolver, remarking, at the same time, "You know, sir, it was only a case of mistaken identity on our part."

"Yes," I replied, "*only* a case of mistaken identity, but it almost cost me my life."

The Court of Queen's Bench opened on October 1st, and on the 3rd, Morrison's trial began. On October 9th the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and on the 11th, Judge Brooks passed sentence of penal ser-

vitute for 18 years on the prisoner.

After what I had gone through, I felt rather curious to see this celebrated outlaw, so I drove out to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary shortly before he died. I told Donald Morrison who I was, and in a brief manner told him the story as I have told you.

"What did he say?"

"Not much; the poor fellow was very sick, but at the conclusion of the story, he stood up, looked down at me, smiled, and said simply, 'Donald, it was *indeed* a case of mistaken identity.'"

SHADOWS.

Shadows o'er life's long day,
Darker and darker still;
From the morn, with its childhood's careless play,
To the night so dark and chill.

Shadows in boyhood's hour,
When life is fair and free,
Like the shade and the gloom of an April shower,
As it sweeps o'er the fresh green tree.

Shadows o'er youth's bright life,
False loves, and vain desire,
And the foolish hopes, and the empty strife,
When the soul could still aspire.

Shadows o'er manhood's prime—
Craft and ambition's art,
And the faithless soul, and the wasted time,
And the chilled and hardened heart.

Shadows of dreary age—
The dulled and failing mind,
When love lies dead, and life's last page
Is blotted and undefined.

Shadows of awful death,
Gloomy and dark and drear,
With a hope for some at their latest breath,
And for some a doubt and a fear.

—REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

BY HUGH SUTHERLAND.

I HAVE pleasure in complying with the request of the editor, who has kindly offered me space for a short article in which to give my reasons for advocating the construction of a Hudson Bay railway. I cannot better introduce the subject than by quoting a paragraph or two from a paper which I read before the Geographical Section of the British Association, at Birmingham, on the 2nd September, 1886:

"When the extent and fertility of the prairie possessions of Canada became fully known, the more adventurous spirits of the eastern provinces began flocking into it, and soon that territory attracted the attention of the world as a field for colonization. Situated far in the interior of the continent, and shut off from all known channels of trade and commerce, the first question that presented itself to those who were anxious for its development, was that of a practical outlet to the markets of the world. Recognizing the enormous agricultural value of that region, the Canadian Parliament hastened to provide a means of communication between it and the provinces of Eastern Canada. . . . When this huge undertaking first took shape, there immediately followed a flow of immigration into the country; and populous, thriving towns, and prosperous settlements, sprang up everywhere. But it was soon felt that they were too far removed from the sea-board to insure that speedy and complete development which the excellence of both soil and climate otherwise rendered possible. To Canadians, this was a matter of deep interest. . . . The North-West offered a new and practically inexhaustible field for colonization, provided the settlers could be placed within reasonable reach of tide-

water, and thus be enabled to compete with the world in those staple food products which it was known they could grow so abundantly.

"But how was this to be done? A land carriage of 1,500 or 2,000 miles between them and the Atlantic was more than the products of their industry would bear. Some other outlet must be discovered, and one presented itself in the great bay to the north. For nearly two centuries ships had visited Hudson Bay from England with the regularity of succeeding seasons. It was through Hudson Strait and Bay that the pioneer settlers of what is now Manitoba made the passage from Scotland, and, under Lord Selkirk, founded the first white colony in that distant region.

"To put down disturbances caused by the jealousies of rival fur-trading companies, in the years 1847-48-49 and 1852 the British Government dispatched troops of soldiers from England and Quebec to Fort York on Hudson Bay, whence they marched overland to the Red River country. In 1782, a French admiral, La Perouse, sailed into Hudson Bay with three ships—one of 74 guns and two of 36 each—captured and destroyed Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, and three days afterwards took possession of Fort York. For half a century, it is known that the northern waters of the bay have been annually frequented by whaling ships. Navigators and explorers, whose names will be familiar to an English audience, have made numerous voyages to those waters, beginning with Hudson himself, and followed by James, Fox, Dobbs, Ellis, Coats, Button, Middleton, Parry, Umfreville, Hearn and Chappelle. If, it was ar-

gued, these men could go in and out through the strait with the class of sailing ships in use one and two hundred years ago, why could not a regular trading route be established, with all the advantages of modern enterprise and invention to aid in the attempt?"

If this can be done, it will be admitted that the undertaking is justified. But first let us consider some comparisons of distances. As wheat in Manitoba is sold on the basis of Brandon rates, it will be proper to take that point as the centre of the wheat region of the province. Brandon is 1,557 miles from Montreal, and 650 miles from Port Nelson. Montreal is 2,990 miles from Liverpool, and Port Nelson is 2,966. The ocean distances are practically identical. But there is a saving in land carriage of 900 miles, which represents the average advantage that would result to the wheat producers of Manitoba. Regina may be taken as the central point for the entire wheat region of the North-West. It is 1,781 miles from Montreal, and 700 miles from Port Nelson, giving a saving of 1,081 miles of land carriage in favor of the Hudson Bay route. Much of the ranching country is south and west of Calgary, which is 2,264 miles from Montreal; the saving in land carriage would, at least, be as great as from Regina. Edmonton is the centre of one of the most fertile and promising regions of the North-West; it is 2,500 miles from Montreal, and less than half that distance from Port Nelson. These are great savings, and, as they are all on land carriage, they mean much to the settlers. An established Hudson Bay route would offer to the farmers of Manitoba the saving on 900 miles of railway haul, and to the farmers and ranchers of the Territories beyond, a saving on from 1,100 to 1,300 miles. We would be brought nearer by these distances to tide water, and consequently to the markets of the world. I do not consider here the lake route

to the East, which is available for a portion of the year. That would be raising another and a large question in itself, and it will suffice just now to say that while that route, no doubt, sensibly lessens, during the period of navigation, the value of the advantages indicated by these comparisons there remains such a substantial gain in the Hudson Bay route as to make its development a crying necessity to the North-West. For miles count, after all is said and done, whether by water or by land.

So far, then, as the land end of this northern project is concerned, we see that the Canadian North-West would be enormously benefited, if it could be made available. On this point, there has never been any doubt; the only doubt that has existed has been in connection with the navigation of Hudson Strait, for if this were not practicable, the whole scheme would have to be abandoned. The Legislature of Manitoba and the Dominion Parliament, in 1884, each appointed committees of inquiry and investigation, and in the same year the Federal Government sent out an expedition, and established observing stations at five different points on the strait. These were continued for three years. They were under the direction of Lieut. Gordon, R.N., late of the Marine Department, an accomplished navigator, but cautious to the verge of timidity. He reported that there was practicable navigation for four or four and a half months in the year. Rear-Admiral Markham, who made the voyage in the expedition of 1886, reported: "I believe the Strait will be found navigable for at least four months every year, and probably often for five or more. There will, I have no doubt, be many years when navigation can be carried out safely and surely from the 1st of June until the end of November." These are the opinions of officers trained in the Royal Navy, where caution to the extreme degree is inculcated. Capt.

Sopp, the sailing master in the first expedition, an experienced Newfoundland sealer, familiar with ice all his lifetime, said he "would sooner navigate Hudson Strait than the English Channel." Capt. Barry, first officer in all these expeditions, also an experienced Newfoundland sealer, expressed the belief that "ocean steamships could enter as early as June, and certainly come out as late as December." There could be quoted a volume of evidence of station observers, Hudson Bay Company's officers, New England whalers, and others of all degrees of experience, testifying to five, six, and eight months of navigation. One, Capt. James Hackland, for thirty-nine years an officer in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, said: "The strait is open all the year round: never freezes. There is no reason why steamships should not navigate the strait any time." The committee of the Manitoba Legislature, after exhaustive inquiry, reported: "No evidence had been given to show that

Hudson Strait and Bay ever freeze over, or that the ice met with in these waters is sufficient to prevent navigation at any time of the year."

In common with others who have been interested and active in the promotion of this northern project, I have no doubt whatever that the strait is navigable for a sufficient period each year to make the route an entirely practicable one for commercial purposes. My knowledge of the conditions in the North-West induces me to believe that with present transportation facilities the development of the country will be of slow growth, and, excepting in the direction of the north, it will be impossible to find relief that will allow to the settlers that reasonable margin of profit on their labors which can alone bring the fullest measure of prosperity. Because of this confidence and this conviction, I advocate the construction of a Hudson Bay railway.

WINNIPEG.

SHOWERS AND SONG.

The summer showers are falling
Out on the furrow'd main;
But ocean's fields are barren—
The showers fall in vain.

A dreamer's songs fell fruitless,
The world brought forth no grain;
It was the field was barren,
The songs were potent rain.

—JAS. A. TUCKER.

FOUR FAMOUS GATHEDRALS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

(Illustrated by Esther Knightly Westmacott.)



F all the English Cathedrals, not one possesses an interest so peculiarly its own, as that of Durham, the famous Minster of the north.

Its origin is enshrined in so much that is mystical, and so many strange and romantic legends are interwoven with its early history, that to every one who takes an interest in ecclesiastical history, whatever their particular religious opinions may be, an account of it must prove interesting.

When Donald III. King of Scotland became a convert to Christianity, he afforded shelter to Acca, who was the widow of Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland, she, with her seven sons, having sought refuge with Donald in order to escape from the tyranny of Edwine, who had usurped his brother's throne. These boys were, under Donald's care, instructed in the truths of Christianity, and when Edwine died, Eanfrid, who was the eldest, and Osric his brother, succeeded to the government of the two provinces of Bernicia and Deira, into which the greater province of Northumberland,—it could hardly be called a kingdom,—was divided. Osric afterwards fell in battle, and the province of Deira was devastated by Cedwell, who ruled over Cumberland. Eanfrid also became subject to Cedwell, but was afterwards murdered by him: then the entire province became a scene of anarchy and confusion. Both Osric and Eanfrid having renounced Christianity, idolatry was once more prevalent.

When things were in this state, Oswald, who was the second son of Ethelfrith, departed from Scotland, and, gathering together such an army as he could, waged war with Cedwell, but he was unable to withstand the forces the latter was able to bring against him. In this strait it is said that he erected a cross in front of his army, and besought aid from the King of battles. Addressing his army, he said: "Let us fall down on our knees and beseech the Almighty, the living and the true God, to defend us against this cruel and proud enemy." Then followed a fearful scene of carnage and bloodshed, yet Oswald, who himself led his troops, obtained the victory.

The venerable Bede, recounting this event, says: "No sign do we find of the Christian faith, no church, no altar throughout the whole Kingdom of Northumberland, to have been erected before this noble leader and conductor of an army, directed thereto by faithful devotion, did raise the ensign of the cross, when he was preparing to fight a savage and bloody enemy. When Oswald perceived, in this battle, the divine aid which he had so earnestly implored, he became a professed Christian."

But he did much more than this; he was not content with simply being a Christian himself, but with all the zeal of a convert, assiduously sought to induce his subjects to embrace Christianity likewise. In furtherance of this object, he applied to Donald to send him some holy and learned man who could instruct his people in the Christian faith. The first person sent does not appear to have been the right man for the place, and he soon returned to

Scotland. His position was filled by Aidan, who was a monk from Iona, and it is believed that he commenced his labors about the year 635. Obtaining the king's permission to reside in any portion of the province he deemed most suitable, he selected Lindisfarne, which, since that time, has always been known as Holy Island. His mission was a most successful one, and lasted for about sixteen years, until his death, in 651. Following him came Finan, who built a wooden church, dedicated to St. Peter. Finan was succeeded by Colman, and the latter by Tuda, both of whom were Scottish monks. Then, for fourteen years, there was no bishop at Lindisfarne, but the clergy attached thereto were under the directions of Eata, an Englishman, who had been educated at Iona under Aidan, and who enjoyed the title of Abbot of Lindisfarne. Eata brought with him from Scotland a young man named Cuthbert, who afterwards, for fourteen years, was a religious brother in Melrose. He was subsequently appointed Prior of Lindisfarne, and discharged his duties with indefatigable zeal for yet fourteen years more. Nine years later he was elected Bishop of Hexham, which appointment he was, with the greatest difficulty, prevailed upon to accept, as he preferred the life of seclusion that, since his retirement from Lindisfarne, he had been living. Prior to being consecrated, he effected an exchange with Eata, becoming Bishop of Lindisfarne instead of Hexham. He held his office for about two years, and then resigned, retiring to Farne, where, very shortly afterwards, he died, in the thirty-ninth year of his ministry. There was no change made in the location of the see until Eardulph was consecrated bishop, in 854. He finally departed therefrom in 861, taking with him his followers and the remains of the saintly Cuthbert. The reason for their departure was the fear of being attacked by the Danes, who had brought numerous evils upon the northern church, and who still

harassed with fire and sword the Northumbrian Province.

"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride; assuage their malice, and confound their devices: that we, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify Thee." Such was the prayer of Eardulph and his people, as for seven years they wandered from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last the small town, or hamlet rather, of Chester le Street was selected, and about the year 883 a cathedral was erected there, no remains of which now exist. Eardulph died in 900, and for rather more than one hundred and two years Chester le Street continued to be the seat of the bishopric. But in the episcopate of Aldune, in the year 995, owing to fears again entertained of further molestation by the Danes, that prelate again removed the see, and with it the sacred bones of Cuthbert, to Ripon, now one of the loveliest of the many lovely cathedral cities of England. And now occurs the strange and somewhat mystic legend which is always connected with the founding of the see of Durham. After a very brief residence at Ripon, peace once more shone upon the land, and Aldune thought he and his flock might safely return to Chester le Street. But their ways were in the Hands of a Higher Power, for when they reached a place called Wardelau, Cuthbert's body became fixed, and it was impossible to move it. Three days of prayer and fasting passed away, and then in a vision, as the story goes, it was unfolded to one of the bishop's flock that the body of Cuthbert would find a secure and lasting resting-place at Dunholme, or Dunelm, the place we now know as Durham. Sir Walter Scott relates the legend connected with the foundation of Durham in these words:—

The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountains, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,

Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore ;

They rested them in fair Melrose,
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose,
For, wondrous tale to tell !
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Not long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester le Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse ere Wardilau
Hailed him with joy and fear ;
And after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear ;
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid,
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who shared that wondrous grace.

taken in consequence of the fear they entertained of exactions and cruelties at the hands of William the Conqueror. In a short time, though, they made their peace with the fierce Norman, and returned to Durham. William then appointed as bishop, Walcher, who was a native of Lorraine, one of the two famous border provinces of France which, by the fortunes of war, are now no longer French territory.

Walcher's end was a tragic one, he, on May 14th, 1080, being murdered by the populace of Gateshead, while engaged in the discharge of his duties, not as a pastor and chief shepherd of the church, but in those of a magistrate and dispenser of legal punishments, which duties he performed with relentless severity. He was succeed-



Aldune erected a Cathedral at Durham, and upon its completion the bones of Cuthbert were there interred. Of this building no trace whatever remains.

After the Norman conquest, in 1066, the bishop, with his attendant priests and brothers, had once more to seek shelter in Lindisfarne. This step was

ed by De Carilepho in the same year as the former was murdered. Thirteen years later, was commenced the present cathedral, and at the death of Carilepho, in 1095, a considerable portion of it was completed. Flambard followed in the occupancy of the see, and he completed the walls of the cathedral. Rufus, the next bishop,

erected the chapter house, which now no longer exists, and subsequent prelates added to and enriched the building until its final completion.

Let us now glance at the building as it is to-day. Entering at the north door, our attention is riveted by a dreadful-looking bronze head thereon, which has a huge ring in its mouth. The sockets of the eyeballs belonging to this head are now empty; probably they were once filled with orbs of crystal. This was the "Sanctuary" door, where criminals, flying from the hands of the avenger, sought refuge and claimed the "peace" of St. Cuthbert, the sanctity of his tomb giving them shelter. The moment the refugee laid his hands upon this ring he was safe, and he was admitted into the building by one of the attendant monks, who day and night watched for those who might claim admittance. As soon as the fugitive from justice entered the church, he was compelled at once to confess his crime, which confession was taken down in writing. During the time of his admission, a bell was tolled to let all men know that some one had taken refuge in the cathedral. After his admission and confession, the criminal was attired in a black gown, with a yellow cross on his left shoulder, and remained in the precincts of the building for thirty-seven days, at the end of which time, if he had not succeeded in obtaining pardon for his crime, he was quietly sent out of the country, to enable him to begin a new career elsewhere.

The interior of the cathedral, including the Galilee chapel, is four hundred and sixty-one feet long, and one is struck by the massiveness and solidity of the building, as its full dimensions are gazed upon. The whole of the cathedral can now be seen from the west end, but before the Reformation a series of screens divided the choir from the nave. We can but glance at the many noticeable features this noble pile possesses. Behind the altar is the Neville screen,

erected by Lord Neville, of Raby, in the year 1380. To the south of the choir reposes Bishop Halfield. An altar tomb, upon which lies, robed in full canonicals, an effigy of this noted prelate, marks the exact place of his burial.

Then behind the altar is the eastern transept, better known by its name of the chapel of the Nine Altars. It was so called, because it is said that at one time it contained nine different altars, dedicated to as many different saints; these have all now been removed. The Galilee chapel, too, must not be overlooked; here it was that St. Cuthbert ordered women to worship. He had "a more than usual monkish fear of women, and they were not allowed to approach the shrine. A cross, let into the pavement of the nave at the far west end, curiously marks the far removed spot, nearer than which women might not approach."

We pause before the plain altar tomb of that great scholar and historian, of Northumbria, the venerable Bede. The inscription is a very simple one: *Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa* (here in this grave are the bones of the Venerable Bede). The legend accounting for the term "Venerabilis," as always applied to Bede, runs thus: The monk, who was working on his tomb, was at a loss for a word to go before "ossa," and after "Bedæ," so as to make the line scan correctly.

Retiring to rest, he left the space blank, hoping that with morning an inspiration would reach him, that would enable him to properly complete his work. But lo, when he again stood before the tomb on the morrow, the blank space had been miraculously filled, "Venerabilis" standing forth in clear and distinct letters. Hence, ever since, has been attached to the name of Bede this singular pronomen.

What a host of distinguished names in English history have been connected, either directly or indirectly, with this famous cathedral. Aidan and

Cuthbert, among the pioneers, stand forth clear and conspicuous, not only for the assiduity with which they labored, but by the piety of their lives. Then we have those bishops and nobles who built, or assisted to build, the present cathedral, such as Ralph, Lord Neville, and Bishops Carilepho, Pudsey, Flambord, and Le Poore. Besides these, we have the Prince Bishops Bek and Hatfield, fit representatives, in two senses, of the church militant. Again, there was Wolsey and Richard of Bury, Cosin, and that famous theologian, Butler, and in our own day, the hardly less famous scholar, Joseph Barber Lightfoot.

We pass up and down the aisles of this beautiful House of God; we gaze at the massive walls, the noble pillars, the delicate tracery, and the exquisite symmetry of the whole, and we think of the wonderfully apt description given of Durham by Canon Talbot, who, in his concluding words, says:

"'How awful is this place.' Surely we must deeply feel that saying, as we stand and thoughtfully look on that storied pile, and record its many memories. An old writer tells us how, prior to the Reformation, before the high altar in Durham, there hung three silver lamps, always burning, as a sign that 'the house was ever watching unto God.' These lamps are put out now, but, as we behold the house to-day, we feel that the whole majestic sanctuary carries on the thought, and is, of a truth, 'ever watching unto God.'"

Slowly we make our way to the railway station, thinking of the wondrous pile and its all but marvellous beauty, and, as the train bears us swiftly northward towards Edinburgh, the last thing we see are the towers of the cathedral from where, on October 17th, 1346, the monks and brethren watched the battle of Neville's Cross, fearing it might end disastrously for the English, and that Durham and all contained therein would become the prize of the victorious Scots.

The East Anglian see of Norwich is almost contemporary with that of Durham, having been founded about the year 630, by Felix of Burgundy, under direction of King Sigebert, at Dunwich. Some few years later, in 673, Archbishop Theodore divided the see, establishing a second one at North Elm-land. Owing to the constant invasions of the Danes, and the disturbed state of the country generally, the succession to the two sees, for more than two centuries, was very greatly disturbed, and in the year 878, when Humbert, the last of the bishops of Elm-land, was cruelly murdered, his brother prelate of Dunwich again united the two bishoprics, and fixed the see at Elm-land. Herfast, who was the first of the Norman bishops, removed it from Elm-land to Thetford, during the time of his episcopate, which lasted from 1070 to 1086. Whilst Herbert Losinga was bishop, sometime between the years 1091 and 1119, it was again removed from Thetford, and permanently located at Norwich, where it has remained ever since. The first stone of the present cathedral was laid by Bishop Losinga, in the year 1096, and a Benedictine religious house, in connection with the cathedral, was established at the same time. The choir tower and transepts of Norwich are generally attributed to Bishop Herbert. After him came Bishop Eborand, who added the nave. Then followed many subsequent additions, but the church was greatly injured by two great fires, one in 1172, and another in 1272. It was, however, fully restored, and consecrated to the honor of the Holy Trinity, on Advent Sunday, 1278, there being present at the ceremony Edward I., his consort, and entire court. About the year 1360, the lovely spire, as we now see it, was added to the building by Bishop Percy. It suffered greatly by being struck by lightning, in 1463, but was subsequently restored by Bishop Lehart. Among others who made alterations and additions to the cathedral during

the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were Bishops Alnwick, Lehart, Goldweld, and Nix. Of all the English cathedrals, none has so fully preserved its Norman character as has Norwich. Peterborough may be an exception, but it is very doubtful if, even there, the Norman plan is so undisturbed as it is at Norwich. The cathedral is very badly situated, lying in a flat peninsula, almost entirely surrounded by a bend of the river similar to that of a horse shoe. In front is Tombland, whilst hard by is Ethelbert Gate, which receives its name from being near the site of the church of St. Ethelbert, which was destroyed in 1272 during the riots which then took place between the monks and the populace. Then, a little further down, is the exquisite Erpingham Gate, passing through which we see the least interesting portion of the cathedral, its west front.



In a work of such magnificence as Norwich, it is hard to say what commands the greatest subject for admiration. Perhaps we must give the palm to the cloisters which are said to be the finest in England: and, as many of our readers have visited, if not the Norwich cloisters, probably those of other better-known English cathedrals, such as Westminster, Canterbury, Win-

chester, or Worcester, they will be able to form an idea how lovely these must be. But, in addition to the cloisters, there is the Jesus Chapel, with its sealed altar slab, which, with the miserere seats in the choir, the Norman pillars and arches of the transepts, and the magnificent bosses on the roof, not only of the cathedral, but also of the cloisters, all strike us with admiration, and we wonder on looking at them, if the age in which these things were wrought was so very "dark," after all.

One sad page in English history is brought before us as we gaze on the last resting-place of Sir William Boleyn, grandfather of Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated consort of Henry VIII, and mother of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William was succeeded in 1505, by Sir Thomas Boleyn, who also lies buried here. He was the father of Henry's queen.

Close to the Erpingham gate, between it and the cathedral, is what is now the Grammar-school, but which was formerly the charnel-house, with overhead a chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. This was built in 1316, by Bishop Salmon, who was Lord Chancellor to Edward II. In the crypt all bones fit for removal were to remain "till the day of resurrection." In 1548, during Elizabeth's reign, the bones were removed, and the city becoming its owners, the Grammar School was removed here from the Convent of the Black Friars, where, for some time previously, it had been established.

Among famous men who have received their education at this school may be mentioned John Caius, who was a physician in the reigns of Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, and who, in connection with another physician, Gonville, founded the college at Cambridge known as Gonville and Caius, but which is not commonly called by that name, but, instead, by the name of "Keys" college. Dr. Edward Brown, son of the famous author,

Sir Thomas Brown, and Erasmus Earle, who was a rank time-server, being "serjeant-at-law" to Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards to Charles II., were also educated here. But to come to more modern times, the school has among its roll of pupils the famous Archbishop Tenison, Bishops Cosin, Maltby and Monk, besides the immortal Lord Nelson, and that most unselfish of all English public men, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. Turning from the cathedral doors, and directing our steps towards the house where we are residing, we stay for a few moments to read the inscription over the south door of St. Andrew's Church in Broad-street, placed there in 1547, and which runs thus:—

"This church was builded of timber, stone and bricks,
In the year of our Lord XV. hundred and six,
And lately translated from extreme idolatry,
A thousand five hundred seven and fortie,
And in the first year of our noble King Edward
The Gospel in Parliament was mightily set forward."

There are more churches in Norwich than in any other cathedral city in England, always, of course, excepting London and Westminster. Even the great city of Bristol, among the old cathedral cities, had fewer Anglican places of worship than Norwich. Of course, since Liverpool and Manchester have been created bishoprics, Norwich no longer possesses the distinction named, but few people ever regard either of those great centres of business and population as being what is meant by "cathedral cities." But this is somewhat of a digression, so we will return to our subject.

Leaving the stately fane of Norwich, we proceed to Ely, that little city in the Fen country. It is said to contain seven thousand inhabitants, but if there are so many it is hard to see where they all dwell. The main street is by no means a lengthy one, and some five or six others run out of it. There is one other church of mediæval times besides the cathedral, and one good inn, "The Lamb." Surely it

was this famous hostelry that Shensone had in his mind when he wrote

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

Gazing upon Ely Cathedral, one is irresistibly reminded of the giant among the pigmies. It is so massive, so great, so commanding among the small buildings surrounding it; and there is an appropriateness in this, too, for small as the city is, no see excepting that of Durham had, in times long past, such temporal privileges extended to it, nearly the whole of its prelates in pre-reformation days being among the most celebrated of statesmen.

The Fen-country was one which presented many attractions to those who founded the religious houses of England. It surpassed the western district of England, where similar conditions prevailed, and where the famous house of Glastonbury was the chief among many others. Crowland, Ramsey, Thorney, Peterborough and Ely, were, among the many eastern houses, the largest and the wealthiest. Ely was one of the first that was founded, and like Durham, there is an air of romance and legendary mysticism in the story of its foundation.

Etheldreda, who was an East Anglian princess, had from her very earliest days a strong predilection in favor of a life devoted to religion and piety. She was twice married, and received from her first husband as her marriage dowry the Isle of Ely. To this home she escaped from her second husband, King Egfrid of Northumbria, many miracles being worked, it is related, to aid her in her flight. Reaching this haven of rest in the year 673, she instituted a house for both monks and nuns, and was herself created the first abbess. Six years elapsed, and the saintly Etheldreda was called "to come up Higher," and Sexburga, her sister, filled her place until the year 699. She was followed by her daugh-

ter, Ermenilda, and she had as her successor her daughter, Werburga. It is not known how long the latter filled her office, but her reign is reputed to have been no less saintly than any reign preceding it. A long roll of abbesses followed in succession until the year 870, when the house was destroyed by the Danes. In the year 970, Æthelwold, bishop of Winchester, re-founded the institution, with Brithnot, prior of Winchester, as the first abbot. There were several abbots in succession until 1081, when Simeon, also from Winchester, was elected to the office. He laid the foundations of the present cathedral. In 1107, Hervey was, it is said, unjustly expelled from his office as Bishop of Bangor, and became Abbot of Ely, and renewed an attempt previously made by his immediate predecessor, one Richard, to have Ely converted into the seat of a bishopric. After long negotiations, Hervey effected his purpose, and in 1108 became the first Bishop of Ely.

Of the work commenced by Simeon, nothing now remains but the transept. The nave and the western towers were next completed in the years 1174 and 1189 respectively; many more additions were made from time to time until 1349, when the Lady Chapel was completed. The chapel of Bishop Alcock was built in 1488, and in 1534 that of Bishop West was finished. Since then nothing has been added, though much has been destroyed.

We have not space to dilate upon the many beauties of Ely Cathedral, but a few words must be devoted to what is known as the octagon. This, to quote a well-known authority, is

"a most singularly beautiful and skilful work, in which solidity and gracefulness, magnificence and lightness, are so happily blended together, that the spectator is at a loss to decide in which of these respects it is most worthy of admiration." On each of the four larger sides of the octagon are four lofty arches which open into the four principal portions of the cathedral. In the four lesser sides are also four smaller arches which open obliquely into the side aisles.



These arches are supported by clustered pillars, the capitals of which are composed of wreaths of flowers, and leaves of plants and trees of the most perfect finish and exquisite design.

Another noticeable feature in the cathedral is the splendid carving displayed in the wooden choir stalls. These were all designed by Alan M. Walsingham, who was also the architect of the octagon and the lantern surmounting it. In the aisles of Ely, the early English style of architecture

is beautifully and prominently set forth in the slender columns, detached shafts and lovely lancet windows, everywhere to be seen.

Until the year 1837, the Bishop of Ely had greater power and authority than any other bishop in England, excepting he of Durham, but, in the year just named, an Act of Parliament was passed by which both of these two prelates were deprived of all their civil powers and privileges. Probably no one regretted this less than the Bishops of Ely themselves, who in after years ruled over the see.

We have alluded to famous men who, as Bishops of Ely, were both statesmen and divines. Among these was William Longchamp, who was elected 1189, and who was Lord Chancellor, Pope's legate, Chief Justice of England, and Regent of England during the absence abroad of Richard I. Then there were many other chancellors, among them Eustace and William de Kilkenny. Besides these, there were no less than four Bishops of Ely who afterwards became Archbishops of Canterbury, namely, Thomas, Cardinal Langham; Thomas de Arundel; Thomas Bouchier, and John Morton. Among the more recent celebrated divines who have filled the see may be mentioned Harold Browne, the author of the well-known book on the Thirty-nine Articles.

It is a long journey from the Fen country to the west midland city of Gloucester, and to accomplish it one has to pass through the town of Cambridge, thence to Oxford, and from there to Gloucester, the ancient Gleawcestre of the Saxons. If the "Memorial of Gloucester" is to be credited, a bishop and some attendant clergy first preached Christianity here, in the reign of Lucius, about A.D. 189. Tradition further says that Lucius was buried here, but the whole account is, to say the least of it, problematical. All writers are agreed upon this point, that Aldad was Bishop of Gloucester in 490, and that he was succeeded by

Theonus, who, in 553, was translated to London. But this state of affairs probably came to an end when the Saxons overran the country in 570. The real founder of the Abbey of St. Peter at Gloucester was Wulpherd, the sixth king of Mercia, who in his heathen state had murdered his two sons, and on becoming himself converted to Christianity he, as an expiation of his crime, commenced this religious home, which he never lived to finish. Ethelred, his brother, who succeeded him, completed the abbey in the year 680; from then until 1072 there were many changes. At first, the institution consisted solely of nuns, governed by an abbess. Then in the year 823 secular canons were installed there, who, in 1022, were themselves removed so as to provide room for Benedictine monks. Edric was the first abbot of the new order; he was followed, in 1058, by Wulstan who was the last of the Saxon abbots. He died abroad in 1072, and was succeeded by Serlo, a Norman monk, who was placed in his office by William the Conqueror.

Serlo began the present Gloucester Cathedral in 1089, and it was finished and consecrated in the year 1100. The Abbey of Gloucester, though a mitred one, was nevertheless subject to the bishops of Worcester, and, being in that diocese, was visited by them. The last prelate who fulfilled that duty was the unhappy Hugh Latimer. After the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., an act was passed creating Gloucester an independent bishopric; the letters of endowment were dated September 3rd, 1541, and John Wakeman, the last Abbot of Tewkesbury, was the first Bishop of Gloucester. In 1836, the see of Bristol was amalgamated with Gloucester; since then the diocese has been known as that of Gloucester and Bristol.

It was in this house of the Benedictine Brotherhood at Gloucester that the memorable scene took place around

what was at the time supposed to be the dying bed of William Rufus. It was evening of the first Sunday in Lent, in the year 1093, and a group of bishops, nobles, monks and retainers stood around the bed whereon lay William Rufus, who was believed to be sick unto death. These entreated the king, as one among many acts of reparation due by him to the church, to name an occupant for the see of Canterbury, which had for a long time

ter at first refused, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, not altogether unaccompanied by physical force, that the reluctant Anselm assumed the insignia and cares of his high position.

William recovered from this illness, to resume once more his career of cruelty and oppression, of avarice and selfishness, of arrogance and ambition. Here in Gloucester he had his last Christmas festival, and held



been vacant, and the revenues of which the king had appropriated to his own use. Among those who were at the king's side was Anselm of Aosta, a Norman monk from the monastery of Bec, to whom William had hitherto displayed a marked aversion. Yielding at last to the importunities of those around him, William, speaking slowly and with great apparent difficulty, named, as Archbishop of Canterbury, the monk Anselm. The lat-

ter at first refused, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, not altogether unaccompanied by physical force, that the reluctant Anselm assumed the insignia and cares of his high position.

It was in August in the year 1100 when Fulchard, who was Abbot of Shrewsbury, preaching at the home of the Benedictines in Gloucester, and referring to the wrongs and oppressions to which the people were subject, used these remarkable words, and uttered this all but marvellous prediction:

"The Lord God will overthrow with a terrible convulsion the mountains of Gilboa; the anger of the Lord will no longer spare transgressors. The bow of Divine wrath is bent against the reprobate, and the swift arrow is taken from the quiver to inflict wounds. Quickly will this be done."

This sermon alarmed those who heard it, no one more so than the monk and abbot Serlo, who at once sent a special messenger to William, who was then hunting in the New Forest, to warn him of his danger. But William only ridiculed the messenger and mocked at his friend Serlo for sending it. Two days only elapsed, and the news was flashed from beacon to beacon throughout England and Normandy that England's king lay murdered in the leafy glades of the Hampshire forest.

The greatest of all the many attractions in Gloucester is the choir with its vast east window, the largest of the kind in England, or as authorities say, in Europe. We cannot better describe this lovely part of the building than by quoting Dean Spence's description of it in the following exquisite word picture:

"The western end is furnished with sixty richly carved canopied stalls of dark oak, mostly the work of the fourteenth century. * * * The floor, if one dare breathe a criticism on this charmed building, is too bright and glistening, but it is in its way varied and beautiful. The whole of this, the loveliest choir in England, is lit by a mighty wall of jewelled glass behind the great golden reredos.

"The vast east window which floods the choir of Gloucester, beautiful as a dream, with its soft, silvery light,

faintly colored with jewelled shafts of the richest blue and red, and here and there a vein of pale gold—this vast window could not have been seen out of England, or at least one of the grey and misty northern countries where gleams of light or shafts of sunshine are exceedingly precious."

" * * * Extraordinary delicacy and precision of touch are to be seen in every line drawn by the glass painters of this window. In point of firmness and grace, one of the greatest critics says he is by it reminded of the drawing on the best painted vases of the Greeks. The white glass is of special beauty, as compared with that of modern times. Its luminous pearly look comes from the fact that the body of the glass is full of minute air bubbles, each of which catches the light and then reflects it out from the interior of the glass, so that it is not only translucent, but is itself actually luminous with innumerable minute centres of radiation."

Fain would we linger round the beauties of Gloucester, but my space has come to an end. The Chapter House with its memories of William the Conqueror and Domesday book, of the Gloucester Parliament, and Richard II. all tempt me, but the inexorable necessity of coming to a conclusion, at least for the present, stares us in the face. I wanted to say so much, and I feel I have said so little, of these wondrous buildings. We have, as it were, just looked at Durham, have favored Norwich with a passing glance, and given Ely a nod of recognition, while Gloucester has scarcely received the scant attention bestowed upon Ely.

LAKE ST. JOHN AND THE SAGUENAY.

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

DISCOVERED by the Jesuit missionary, Father De Quen, in 1647, the inland sea which gives rise to the mysterious Saguenay retained for some years afterwards its original Indian name of Piék-Sagami or Pikouagami. Father Laure, S. J., whose relation of the Saguenay mission was first published in 1889 by the Rev. Father Jones, archivist of the Jesuits' College in Montreal, tells us that the great lake received the name of St. John (St. Jean) from Father de Crespieuil, who labored for the last thirty years of the seventeenth century amongst the Montagnais Indians of the surrounding woods. Marvelously exact are still found the descriptions of Lake St. John and the Saguenay written by these early missionaries and printed in the Paris edition of the *Relations des Jésuites*, nearly two and a half centuries ago. De Quen described Piék-Sagami as circular in shape, and so large that it is difficult to see the opposite shores. He speaks of the enormous rivers that feed it, and of the immense variety of the finny tribes by which its waters are peopled. He makes special mention of its "*sauumon*," the *Sananiche*, or *ouananiche* of the Montagnais dialect—that far-famed game fish of the north that yearly attracts so many anglers to Lake St. John. With scrupulous fidelity and considerable felicity of expression, De Quen described his voyage up the Saguenay from Tadousac in a bark canoe propelled by two Indian guides, the precipitous cliffs, and the depth of the dismal river, the rapids of its upper portion, and the manner and number of its portages, and the trials and fatigues endured in the crossing of them, before the first white man that stood upon the shores of the inland sea was

privileged to take in the vision of its exceeding beauty. How changed, within the last few years, has become the means of communication in this still wild northern country! Where De Quen paddled up stream in his birch bark canoe, magnificent floating palaces steam daily to and from the head of navigation on the Saguenay at Chicoutimi,—the Chek8timi of its aboriginal inhabitants. Where he toiled for days, footsore and weary, in avoiding the dangerous rapids of the Grand Discharge, to reach Piék-Sagami, by way of Lake Kenogami and La Belle Riviere, and across forest-clad mountains, a railway run of a couple of hours conveys tourists between Chicoutimi and Lake St. John.

It is safe to assume that not one per cent. of the tourists who have "done" the Saguenay have ever feasted their eyes upon the broad expanse of water from which it is fed. But a new pilgrimage to this northland of romance and chivalry—the scene of early Jesuit discovery and devotion, and of Indian legend and tradition,—now promises to supersede the simple ascent and descent of the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, and the return by the same route as the going. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any tourist to enjoy a more thrilling, or, in many respects, a more novel experience than that afforded by a newly mapped out round trip rendered possible by the recent opening of a new line of railway from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi. So that now, in even less time than it has hitherto taken to go by steamer from Quebec to Chicoutimi, and to return by the same route, the lover of nature may draw a grand triangular trail, of which one side consists of the journey by rail across the entire chain of the

Laurentian Mountains forming the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John. The apex of the triangle is the great lake, and its



FALLS OF OUIATCHOUAN.

second side in length is described by the railway journey from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi and the steamboat trip thence to Tadousac, at the mouth

of the Saguenay. The sail up the St. Lawrence, from Tadoussac to Quebec, will be seen upon the map to form the base of the triangle. The advantage in going by rail and returning by steamer is, that every mile of both the railway trip and the Saguenay sail is accomplished by daylight. Trains leave Quebec for Lake St. John at 8.30 a.m., and arrive there about 4.30 p.m., after a stoppage for luncheon at Lake Edward. Much of this journey of 190 miles is through a country remarkable for the wildness of its mountain scenery, for the profusion of its plentifully fish-stocked lakes and rivers, for its virgin forests, and the wonderful engineering difficulties that have been overcome in the construction of the well equipped railroad.

The summit of the railway is 1,500 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, and 1,200 above that of Lake St. John. For between twenty and thirty miles the line follows the course of the beautiful Batiscan river, which is hereabouts from one hundred to four hundred feet in width, running frequently through such narrow mountain passes as barely to leave room for the railway track on one of its shores. All the waters in this country literally swarm with trout, both *fontinalis* and *naymarush*, the former often running up to seven pounds in weight, and the latter over thirty. Many lakes contain also the doré, or pickerel, sometimes called the wall-eyed pike, the true pike, or *brochet* (*esox lucius*), the perch, chub, and other varieties of fish, and here and there, as the train dashes by, may be seen the comfortable club-houses of Canadian or American anglers.

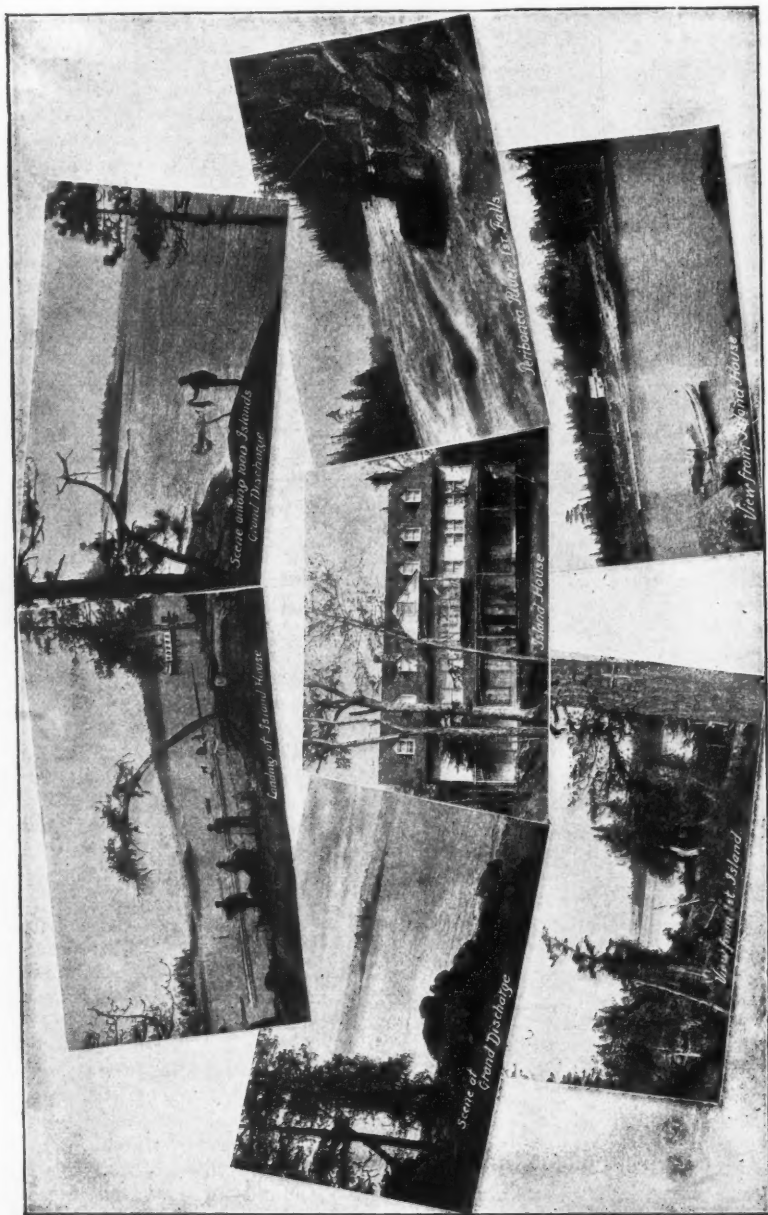
The first glimpse of Lake St. John from the car window, as the train dashes down the incline towards the valley that contains the inland sea, is, perhaps, only equalled by the view of the Saguenay upon the approach to Chicoutimi. Both are magnificently grand. Shortly before reaching its destination at Roberval Hotel, the

train glides in front of the Satchouan, (or Ouatichouan) Falls, 236 feet in height, and one of the most picturesque bits of scenery in these northern wilds.

Tourists who see the Roberval Hotel for the first time, even those who have been told of it, or read the many flattering descriptions of it that have recently appeared, seldom refrain from expressing their surprise at finding so commodious, so modern, and so richly furnished a hostelry so far away in the great north-land. It has accommodation for three hundred guests, and is furnished with electric light and bells throughout. It is immediately overlooking the great lake, and directly facing the Grande Discharge, 24 miles distant. The elegant steamer *Mistassini* crosses the lake daily to the Island House, a noted resort for the anglers who throng the outlet of the inland sea to try their *finesse* against the fighting qualities of the gamey ouananiche or far-famed fresh water salmon of Lake St. John. Thousands of islands divide the waters of the Discharge into as many channels, and it is a sensational experience to shoot the exciting rapids in these turbulent waters, in a birch-bark canoe dexterously manipulated by the paddles of Montagnais and half-breed guides. Some venturesome souls run the whole series of them in canoes as far as Chicoutimi, saving, of course, the impassable *chutes*, which have to be portaged.

There is an interesting Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue, three miles from the Roberval Hotel, where, in summer, may be found the swarthy Montagnais, who hunt in winter the forests that extend from Lake St. John to Hudson Bay. They make splendid guides for fishing and hunting parties, many of which camp out with them for days, and sometimes weeks together, in the wild country north of the great lake. Magnificent rapids and waterfalls, plenty of bears, and abundance of ouananiche, trout, pike, and

other game fish, are some of the attractions that invite these parties to ascend the great feeders of Lake St. John. The Peribonca, Mistassini, and



LANDING AT ISLAND HOUSE.

Ashuapmouehouan rivers are from 200 to 400 miles each in length, and the two first-mentioned are over a mile wide at their mouths.

Exceedingly picturesque is the early morning railway trip from Roberval hotel to Chicoutimi,—a distance of 64 miles,—through a country which has

been not inaptly compared to the land of *Evangeline*. The steamboat sail down the gloomy yet magnificently walled-in Saguenay has taxed the pens of some of the most brilliant descriptive writers of the day. The scenery in the vicinity of Capes Trinity and Eternity is of the most sublime grandeur. Well might the man of *Uz* have had in his mind the birth of the Saguenay, when he wrote, 3,400 years ago: "He overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks"

But the beauty and grandeur of Lake St. John and the great river which it feeds, and the sport which is found on its waters, and in the surrounding forests, are by no means the only attractions furnished by this lake. The great fertility of the soil and the fav-



IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY.

orableness of the climate for agriculture have become sufficiently well known to attract hither a large and permanent farming population. The present population of the Lake St. John country is probably about 40,000, and will, no doubt, rapidly increase as the advantages of the region become known. The basin of the lake embraces an area of fourteen million acres, a large portion of which is of wonderful fertility. In the very heart of this garden valley lies the compact and beautiful lake, twenty-five miles wide and twenty-eight long, with a circumference of 85 miles and an area of 365 square miles. Of course, so large a body of water exercises a modifying effect on the climate, prolonging the heat of summer, and making the period of absence of frosts, especially

on the southern and eastern shores, longer than in neighboring regions; while the valley, protected from cold ocean winds by the Laurentides to the south and east, basks in a summer warmth much greater than that of Port Arthur in a corresponding latitude, quite equal to that of Manitoba, and rivalling that of Quebec. In winter, the temperature is much higher than at Winnipeg, or in fact anywhere in the North-West, and this mildness, combined with the length of the growing season, would indicate that hardy apples can here be successfully cultivated. The capacity of the district for wheat and other cereals has been abundantly proven by the large acreage and yield of these grains, —so much so that the valley has been called "The granary of Quebec."



DROWNED.

The east wind blew the body in,
A white-faced thing, with matted hair :
And all day long, among the thin,
Harsh reeds, the ripples rocked it there.
But with a sudden storm at night,
The body drifted to the land :
And dark upon the sodden sand
She found him in the morning light !

What was it in her broken sleep,
So dark with fitful dreams of death,
That on a sudden made her leap
Awake, and, shuddering, gasp for breath ?
The dying night was white and still,
And all the southern sky aswoon
Between the early dawn, and moon
Late risen o'er the dreaming hill.

But with his child upon her breast,
That rose and fell so wildly fast,
Down the dim path she blindly pressed,
Till all, except the shore, were passed.
Her thin shod feet were drenched with dew,
The wild-rose tore,—she saw alone
A form beyond, so still and prone,
She knew it was her dream come true.

Face upward staring at the sky,
It seemed as if the soul was even
Within that fixed and fearful eye,
Bereft of any hope of heaven.
And from those parted lips almost
You seemed to hear the cry for life,
The story of the frenzied strife,
Ere strength grew spent and hope was lost.

God only knows ! Perhaps he meant
To make amends for all his sin :
Or else perhaps 'twas His intent
And vengeance he should drown within
The sight of her, and all his past.
No matter. Woman-like, she said :
Though God has brought him to me dead,
He has come back to me at last !

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa, Canada.

A HOLIDAY IN THE HILLS.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WE were a merry lot. There can be no flies of pessimistic doubt on *that* assertion. We were positively merry at starting; merrier still during the journey; but the height and depth and general dimensions of our ultimate hilarious and barbaric mirthfulness, when we realized that we had reached a portion of the old earth where nothing conventional or otherwise could restrain us, cannot be done justice to by the use of the superlative or any other degree. But I anticipate.

First, in order of precedence, as they say in Debrett, came the Minister, a good, all-round sort of chap, who could pull an oar with the best of the party, and a cork with the worst, as we were soon given to understand. Then came Aunt Jane, who sat at a window and watched the downpour of rain, that persistently fell for hours before we started, until her expression was despairing enough to throw a greater damper over our intentions than the rain itself. Next came Uncle Henry, Aunt Jane's "dear old man," and then Daisy Bell and Pilkins, and the "veracious chronicler."

We were all going to hide ourselves away in the heart of the oldest hills in the world for a week, and, of course, there had been the inevitable gathering together for days before of almost every imaginable article found within the four walls of the average home. Aunt Jane thought Uncle Henry was susceptible to the cold and damp, and took along a jar full of a marvellously enlivening fluid which she called Pain's Whiskey Compound. Whatever Uncle Henry's complaint was, it was mighty catching, for we all had it before we had gone four miles. But poor Pil-

kins was not so blessed in the precautions taken for his bodily welfare by *his* better half,—who would not go, and who said we were all fools to think of setting off in such weather. She labored under the delusion that P. was in a decline, and treated the loading of his valise accordingly. She would have thought differently had she seen his gastronomic feats, which he began industriously to give us exhibitions of even before we reached our hill-bound destination.

Pilkins recounted all his troubles to us in this particular when we were fairly on the road. We travelled behind a stout team of bays, in a sort of caravan. The latter was a four-wheeled, covered vehicle, in which we sat two abreast, like a parcel of gypsies, with Aunt Jane's dear old man handling the reins. Our "load" followed in an express driven by a native. We knew we had a long journey, over a shockingly bad road, ahead of us, so we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances and our limited space would permit, and resigned ourselves to our fate—and levity. The rain came down in a steady drizzle, but we were thoroughly dry under our ribbed rubber roof, and even the dull gray monotone of the early morning sky did not serve to send our spirits down one degree.

"You'd never guess what I've had to bring along with me!" said Pilkins, pathetically. "My wife's the most thoughtful woman! I was packing; and she came in with her hands full of little parcels."

"Here are a few things you are sure to need," said she.

"I asked her what they were; but I inwardly groaned, for I knew what was coming."

"Well, there's a little sulphur in case you are troubled with a sore throat," she answered. "You know you're subject to sore throat, and if you *will* go away, when all the elements are against you, to a wild place like that, you must expect to suffer."

"I thought the suffering consisted principally in having to be the object of so much forethought. But I went on silently loading my bag, and she continued:—

"You know a sulphur gargle is the very best thing for sore throat. And then, here are some pills. You must take two of them just before going to bed. And I've put some spirits of camphor in a bottle for mosquito bites. You're sure to be bitten dreadfully. And here are a couple of fly blisters in case your knees get bad. You know I was laid up once with my knees.' Then she had to undo a couple of the parcels to see what was in them, because she had forgotten; and then she said:—

"O yes! this is some liniment for rheumatism. You are certain to have a touch of that. And these are some powders mother gave me. Take one in a little water in the morning. You're stomach's sure to get out of order up there. And for goodness' sake be very careful; and be sure to change your socks, if you get your feet the *least* bit damp. I've asked Aunt Jane to look after you, and see that you wear your rubbers; because, you know, you're not strong."

"Yes," interjected Aunt Jane in a comforting voice, "I promised Lizzie I would do that!"

Poor Pilkins sighed and went on:

"Then she went away, and I thought I had got everything, and had got my bag all strapped up; and that was no small job, because it was all I could do to get everything in,—when back she came with a bulky something done up in a newspaper; and she looked at me reproachfully and said in an injured tone:—

"George! You promised me *faith-*

fully you would put on your winter underclothing in case the weather was very cold up there; and you've never done it!" So there I had to undo those straps again, and stuff in those infernal woollen things. And how I ever got the bag fastened together after that, is a mystery. I was struggling with it, when she flew back a second time, and said she had nearly forgotten my lumbago; and when I demurred about putting in the belladonna plaster which she had fetched, because I had one strap done, she began to cry, and said she didn't care, I could take everything she had thought of out, if I liked, and be brought home sick. So then I had not only to stuff in that comfortable plaster, but coax her round. And I do believe if you hadn't come for me when you did, she would have discovered that it was utterly impossible for me to go unless I went around and saw the doctor and got a certificate from him."

I think we all felt sorry for Pilkins at the moment, because there's really nothing the matter with him. But what respect can you have for a fellow who allows himself to be mollycoddled like that? Just fancy pills and fly blisters and woollen underclothing on a summer holiday!

We must have passed through what, if the weather had been fine, would have been great scenery. But even if the atmospheric conditions had been other than they were, I could have seen nothing to describe. Because I sat in the centre of our van, and my view was narrowed to what appeared within the arc-like compass of the open front of our cover; and *that* included the prosaic back of Uncle Henry, the waterproof-covered head and shoulders of Daisy Bell—who *would* sit next to him—occasionally the ears of the horses bobbing up like corks on a wave, and a stretch of muddy road that seemed to rise to Heaven at one moment and descend to the depths of Inferno the next.

For we had entered that mountainous and granitic portion of Quebec lying north of Buckingham, and

"The bell-crowned city with her glorious towers"

lay behind us, thirty miles to the south and westward.

But we were happy, childishly happy. Strange how a being of intelligence and foresight will involuntarily give up a comfortable bed and all the luxuries of urban residence, and don old clothes, sleep in a tent on a bed of anything but roses, eat porridge into which no end of twigs, etc., have dropped during the cooking, and call it—life! And do it all so gladly, rapturously, too.

There was a parcel, an oblong, innocent-looking parcel, with a greasy brown paper cover, swinging to and fro by a short piece of stout string from the centre of our "roof." Aunt Jane had been eyeing it for some time with a good deal of ill smothered curiosity. Finding, no doubt, that it was useless to hope *anyone else* would refer to it, she threw pride to the winds and drew our attention to the swaying package.

"What is it?" we all chorused, that is, all except Uncle Henry. He leaned back and whispered something to the Minister, who sat beside me. Then the pair went off into a vulgar chuckle.

"I think it's bananas!" said the Minister, with becoming gravity.

Aunt Jane bent forward between the Minister and me, and touched the parcel. So did Pilkins. Then Daisy Bell leaned back and felt it, too; and after that, I considered I would be childish if I did not do the same.

"It's certainly like bananas!" we four said together; and at that, Uncle Henry and the Minister roared.

"Well, what are you laughing at?" exclaimed Aunt Jane pettishly. "I'd like to know where the joke comes in!"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, in that

deliberate, exasperatingly slow way of his, and half-turning round, "if you want to know, it's—DYNAMITE!"

At that, Aunt Jane fetched a scream that startled the horses; and Daisy Bell clung quite affectionately to Uncle Henry.

"Isn't it rather r—risky?" articulated Pilkins, trying to look unconcerned.

"Henry, you're joking!" cried Aunt Jane.

But "Henry" assured us he wasn't. It was dynamite, real dynamite, six big sticks of it. He was taking it along for Uncle John (to whose summer cottage in the hills we were journeying), who wanted to blow out some stumps about his place. I was safest where it was, Uncle Henry said; and we need none of us feel alarmed, he added, because if it *did* go off, our demise would be so complete and so sudden that we wouldn't know anything about it. There wouldn't be an atom left, Uncle Henry said, not even of Pilkins' wife's sandwiches.

No one said anything after that for some time, but we all eyed the parcel as it swung there this way and that, as sinister-looking as a hanged body on a gibbet at four cross roads. At last, Aunt Jane said she thought it would be safer—that is, *we* would be safer—if the parcel reposed in her lap. So Pilkins drew his penknife, and very gingerly cut the thing down. Uncle Henry, for reasons best known to him, made no objection, and the packet was placed in Aunt Jane's lap, where it remained, the object of much concern to Pilkins, who sat next to Aunt Jane.

The nervous tension induced by the knowledge that we had so much explosive material in the midst of us relaxed at length, and it was Pilkins who at last proposed that we should lunch. So the Minister and I dragged out the big basket that rested between our legs, while Pilkins produced his wonderful telescope cup, and then we discovered that we had no corkscrew

with us to draw the corks from the beer bottles.

So Uncle Henry had to transfer the reins to Daisy Bell—who very wisely brought the team to a standstill—while he broke the necks of the bottles upon the wheel. The ale had a great head on it, and Pilkins' cup had to be rushed, like a cannon in the battle, to the front. It was filled, and passed to Aunt Jane, where it very inconsiderately "telescoped," resolving itself into its narrowest proportions, like a snail, and the ale went into Aunt Jane's lap and drowned out her supply of sandwiches and the dynamite.

was nothing but a series of turns and bumps and corduroy patches here, and we received somewhat the same treatment as Horace Greeley did at the hands of the driver who had been instructed by certain gentlemen to get Horace to a particular place at a particular hour. Aunt Jane and Pilkins suffered most, as their seat was less permanent than the other two; and their heads bounced up to the roof of our caravan, and threatened to go through it, as Horace's is said to have actually done.

We came up to the front with a flourish, as the English coaches do be-



THE COTTAGE.

Meantime, the Minister had uncorked the "great blood purifier," Paine's Whiskey Compound, and, despite the difficulties engendered by the jolting of our caravan over the rough road, and the persistently *small* behaviour of that telescope cup, we made a jolly meal.

It was clocking along towards evening when we came in sight of the roof of Uncle John's house: and Uncle Henry let the team out. The road

fore an inn; and then we all climbed out and began to halloo for Uncle John and his household, whom we could see in a punt, away off down the lake, fishing. They heard and saw us, and drew in their anchor and pulled up the lake to the landing: while Emil, the "man," a stoical-looking Prussian, came and took out the horses, who were doubtless glad of the respite.

The house was a neat frame one, of two stories, and faced north. One

little lake, a charming oblong sheet, lay just before, and another on the right of the cottage. A path ran down from the latter to the landing and boat-shed on the edge of the first named lake; and great hills, covered with spruce and tamarac, no end of white and yellow birch, and here and there a pine, rose high on every side. There was a clump of slender and graceful white beeches along the landing shore, which gave an almost pastoral and subduing touch to the wilderness of the place. Altogether, it was a scene to rest the eye that had become dulled and tired by the daily sight of roofs and streets; and the silence, broken only by the chirrup of a robin or the note of a chickadee or a bluebird, was Nature's Sabbath to the ear grown weary of the rush of traffic and the harsh voice of steam.

Uncle John came up the path at length, with Madame his wife, and a young fellow who at once began to make eyes at Daisy Bell.

"Did you bring that, Henry?" said Uncle John anxiously.

Uncle Henry answered with an affirmative "Um!" and Uncle John continued, with an explanatory sweep of his hand toward the stumps that clung to the soil like things of evil, between the house and the lake.

"After supper we'll get some of these fellows out of here! Emil's been at them with axe and crowbar, but you can't do much with 'em that way. It's too slow. We'll fix 'em, though, with that stuff!"

After supper we all came out to see the hitherto impregnable stumps blown into nothingness. Emil, the man from Hessen, had been at work boring deep holes into the bases of the stumps, as per instructions from Uncle Henry; and the latter, after inspecting the "mines," went inside to get his explosive.

Suddenly we heard—not an explosion—but an exclamation, so emphatic in its signification of surprise and anger, that we all stared interroga-

tively one at another, and then sprang up and rushed in.

Uncle Henry was in the kitchen, standing by the table, and glaring down at something right under his nose.

"What—what the mischief does this mean?" he spluttered.

"What does *what* mean?" retorted Madame, speaking for us all.

"Why—this! Who's gone and taken my dynamite and done up tallow candles?"

Sure enough, there they were, six goodly, greasy candles as ever came out of a mold, lying together in fat comfortableness in the middle of the greasy paper wrapping.

"Well, who's done it?" cried Uncle Henry, as no one spoke, and some of us began to grin. "Where's my dynamite? It's a mighty poor joke!"

"It's as good a joke, Henry, as putting what you thought was dynamite (she always called it dynamite) in the middle of us, and then saying it must be bananas!" said Aunt Jane with asperity. "If you want your precious dynamite, you'll have to go back to the city for it, where it is!"

"Eh?" gasped Uncle Henry.

"I say it's in the city!" reiterated Aunt Jane in triumphant tones. "You never fetched dynamite along with you at all! I happened to find that parcel on the ledge where you had stuck it in the shed, and I found out what it was; and says I to myself: 'If Henry thinks he's going to take that stuff along with me, he's mistaken! So I tied up the candles instead. Can't you make them go off, too?'"

There was a respectful silence, and then Pilkins said, deferentially:

"Can you—you took that dangerous packet into your lap because it would be safer there, and knew it was candles all the time! And all the time, too, we were smiling at one another to think what a funny thing we had in watching your concern for that precious parcel! And Rogers there, I remember, was in convulsions

to think you could be so—so silly as to hold in your lap for twenty miles what would have been just as safe hanging over our heads! And Uncle Henry, too, was so tickled in his quiet way about it!"

"Um!" said Uncle Henry, rushing out of the house.

Then Aunt Jane held her head back and laughed.

"Call Henry back!" she said, when her mirth had partially subsided. "And tell him his precious dymanite is here, in our room."

We all started.

"It's in there, in my valise! We had it along with us. Henry was sitting right over it. Next time he wants to take anything queer along with him, he'll consult me. As if I didn't know nothing about dymanite, and how much force it takes to set it off!"

There was no understanding that woman.

But we gathered in Uncle Henry and Uncle John, who were ruefully regarding the stumps, as a man who had left his gun at home might stand and stare at a partridge sitting on an overhead limb; and sure enough, the dynamite was found packed carefully between a lot of clothing in the centre of Aunt Jane's valise. We were a little shy about looking at first, for fear of being sold a second time, and Uncle Henry refused to look at all, and would hardly believe it was dynamite, until the first charge went off and blew a window out of one end of the house, and sent the Prussian hired man's dog into a fit. We were all like a parcel of children with fireworks; and in the joy he experienced at the destruction of the stumps, Uncle Henry recovered his good humor and forgave Aunt Jane.

Meantime, a case of undoubted love at first sight had been born, and was being rushed along at a tremendous rate, quite unequalled in the annals of courtship. Our charming little Daisy Bell, who is an out and out coquette,

and Mr. Weldon Peters, the young man who had made eyes at Daisy Bell on our arrival, were away off down the lake in a punt, and looked quite romantic at a distance, though no doubt the mosquitoes gave them little peace.

The next morning broke clearly, and comparatively warm for the average temperature of the hills. A stiff north-westerly breeze had sprung up while we were asleep, and swept the rain away; and now, at six a.m., the zenith was beautifully blue, and wool-like cumulus clouds were drifting lazily from the north across our meridian. The sun had risen at three-thirty, but we saw nothing of him until seven, on account of the high hills. We knew he was travelling up an unclouded way, however, as his light fell upon the upper portion of the long mountain to the west, and turned the foliage there to a sparkling vesture of pale green and gold, in sharp contrast to the trees which lay below in sombre shadow. Our horizon was a narrow ore, and our day shortened at each end, as the sun rose and set four hours later and earlier than in the open country.

Uncle Henry and Uncle John and I were lounging about in front of the house, enjoying the freshness of the morning air, when Pilkins appeared, robed in a gray blanket like an Indian, and wearing a pair of slippers. He stepped out upon the verandah, trailing a big red and yellow Turkish towel in his hand, and we saw him shiver slightly.

"What are you going to do?" grunted Uncle John, eyeing P. as a farmer might a dude when seeing one for the first time.

"Oh, I'm going to have a plunge, you know!" said Pilkins. "There's nothing like a morning dip in good water!" and he cantered off down to the landing, and got into a punt and rowed out into the lake.

"I'll bet a dollar he don't swim in that water!" growled Uncle John.

"It's too cold! Come along and let's see what he will do." And he led the way to higher ground, from which new point we got a fuller view of the lake.

Uncle John, with a chuckle, led us through the trees to a new position; but before we reached it, we heard a loud splash.



WHERE PILKINS WENT SWIMMING.

We saw Pilkins, a couple of hundred yardsoff, stand up in the punt and throw the enveloping blanket aside. There he stood in bold relief against the dark foliage of the lake shore, his slender form clad in a bathing suit very décolleté at each end, and that might have weighed four ounces after it had been in the water. After glancing in the direction of the house, Pilkins placed his hands together above his head in the approved fashion of the diver; and Uncle John uttered a smothered exclamation of surprise, which was checked, however, as Pilkins suddenly stooped and placed one hand in the water. Then we saw him straighten up sharply and stand for some moments in statue-like mobility, as if in deep thought. After that, he glanced sharply in the direction of the house again, dangled one foot in the lake for a moment, and then seized the oars and rowed around a neighboring point.

"Ah, there he goes!" said Uncle Henry.

"Oh, does he?" said Uncle John. "We'll see! Now, there he is!"

We saw Pilkins, not in the water, but standing up in the punt and in the act of hauling a large stone, which served the purpose of anchor in connection with the boat, out of the lake. When he had got it out, he held it up as high as he could and then let it drop into the water, and a second and louder splash greeted our ears.

An ironical laugh burst from Uncle John's throat, and echoed from shore to shore of the lake, causing Pilkins to start. He was standing upon one of the end seats, which was almost level with the gunwale. Doubtless the rope was too short to allow the stone to reach bottom, and the boat received a jerk when the stone pulled the rope taut, for we saw Pilkins lose his balance and topple over into the lake.

He made a bigger splash than the stone, and came up some yards from the boat, which moved as his feet left it. We could hear him spluttering as he struck out, and when he reached the punt he climbed swiftly over it and began to apply the towel vigorously.

"Have another," roared Uncle John, derisively; but either the shock or his mortification in having been caught shamming prevented him noticing us. He was rattled, too, for he flung the blanket about his shoulders and sat down and began to pull wildly at the oars, forgetting the forty-pound stone which was still in the water, at which we all roared in chorus more lustily than ever.

We were on the verandah when he came back and hopped up the path in a dainty manner, for he had lost his carpet slippers in the lake. He is one of those individuals who "have a lean and hungry look," and he must have felt that unexpected plunge terribly, for the lake water was chillingly cold. We all asked him if he had enjoyed his "plunge, you know!" but he wouldn't look at us, and hurried by into the house.

After breakfast we all had to go fishing, for Uncle John regards old Isaac's hobby as the grandest practice on the face of the earth, or rather water. Pilkins heard of this predilection of Uncle John's, and being aware that the old gentleman had not been impressed with his performance of the morning, decided to ingratiate himself by one grand stroke of diplomacy.

"Going swimming?" said Uncle John, as he saw Pilkins trotting very busily between the house and the boats.

"No, sir," said Pilkins, pausing as if he could scarcely spare the time, "I'm going fishing."

"Fishing?" echoed Uncle John. "Why that ain't half as much fun as swimming, is it?"

"Half as much fun?" cried Pilkins, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why,

there's nothing like fishing, to my mind. Swimming is very good in its way, and some say shooting is rare sport; but for me, fishing's the grandest, splendidest thing out. There's nothing can be compared to it at all."

"Um," said Uncle John. But as he bent over his rod, I saw he looked pleased. "Perhaps, young man, you'd better come along with me. I'm going over to a lake where they bite better than around here."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," exclaimed Pilkins, rapturously. Then he added, humbly: "Of course, I'm not much of a fisherman, you know, I—I'm not very scientific, and all that."

But Uncle John said never to mind about that: it would come all right in time. And at last we all got off in different directions, and the last I saw of P., he had his coat and vest off, and was rowing lustily down the lake with his head thrown back, and a seraphic expression on his face, while Uncle John, who tips the beam at 240, sat in the stern, fighting the mosquitoes with a paddle in one hand, while he held a trolling line in the other. Of course, Daisy Bell and young Weldon Peters went off together, ostensibly for "moss" and "ferns," and such rubbish; while Uncle Harry and the Madame and I took a third punt, and rowed to the upper lake to catch trout. Poor Aunt Jane was too ill to go anywhere, and we left her wandering round the house like a lost orphan on a lonely night, chewing a lemon, and with a vinegar-soaked handkerchief tied about her head, which she said had suffered from the Horace Greely treatment of the evening previous. The Minister stayed to keep her company, and we heard them singing hymns together as we rowed away.

Madame was almost as ardent an angler as her husband. There were several good places in the lake, she said, but "the pines" was about the best, as Uncle John had caught thirty there one morning in half as many minutes. So we went to the pines,

which was simply a part of the lake where three or four fallen trees lay in the water; and there was a great scramble to see who would get his rod in first, Uncle Henry and the Madame getting their lines tangled in their excitement to catch the first fish. I felt I had a great lead, and dropped my hook in and grinned at the other two. But as it was a quarter of an hour by the time the other two had got their tackle separated, and I had been diligently fishing all that time without getting anything, Madame said she thought it would be best to go on to "Bob's hole," as the fish did not seem to be biting very well at "the pines" that morning. So Uncle Henry pulled up the stone anchor, and got the oars out, and went to "Bob's hole." We had just the same amount of luck there, and so we paddled around to "Mick's hole," and "Jimmy's hole,"

then, and I think we were all glad of it.

There was trouble next day. It had been brewing for some little time, so Madame told me confidentially; because Uncle John's face had been growing solemn and solemn for the past 48 hours. *He* took Uncle Henry and the Minister and Pilkins and I aside, and into his confidence, for he had to unburden himself at last.

"I'll tell you what it is!" he said. "Some one's been at my demijohns, and I can't guess who!"

We all looked suspiciously one at another, for it was a grave matter; but not one of us would confess, and so we asked Uncle John to tell us all about it.

It turned out that he had been in the habit of keeping two two-gallon jars of whiskey under a certain portion



THE BARN.

and I don't know how many others; and one of Uncle Henry's arms nearly came off when he pulled up that stone for the thirty-first and last time at the final hole, twenty yards from the starting point. It was dinner time

of the hay in an adjacent barn; and from these he filled, when necessity called for such action, his big flask. Only on the day of *our arrival* he had discovered one of the jars to be empty, and knowing that he had not taken

from it one quarter of its original contents, he was dying to discover the pilferer. Since then, he had become painfully aware of the rapid sinking of the level of jar Number 2; but although he had lain in ambush among the hay, the thief had been too politic to appear.

"Why don't you keep the jars in the house?" we said.

"It would never do," said Uncle John. "There's Mrs. Mahony for one (the house-keeper), and the Prussian for another. They know every corner of the house, and would coax it out of a double-locked cupboard when I was away!"

"Leave it to me!" said Uncle Henry. "I'll clear it up. Pilkins, I shall want you to occupy the barn after supper. In the meantime, John, I shall have to trouble you for your big flask!"

This staggered Uncle John, but he gave up the flask; and Uncle Henry went off with it, while the Minister and Pilkins and I felt like kicking ourselves for not having had Uncle Henry's cheek; because we didn't believe he had any plan at all, but had simply desired to get hold of the flask on learning that the supply of liquor was so low.

However, we did him a gross injustice, because he *had* a plan, as we subsequently learned.

After supper, and when dusk had fallen, Pilkins went to the barn, taking care, according to Uncle Henry's instructions, not to be seen by the Prussian. The latter, it is hardly necessary to remark, was the person suspected by Uncle Henry. The hours went by, and we others went to bed.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Aunt Jane was in the middle of a really beautiful snoring concerto in B Major, when Uncle Henry saw a figure steal in the misty summer night from behind the long fence which ran by the barn, and advance to the door of that building.

Uncle Henry started up the path, humming a tune; and the mysterious

figure hastily opened the barn door and disappeared within; then, a moment later, came hastily out again, and face to face with Uncle Henry.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mahony," said Uncle Henry cheerily. "It's a fine night, isn't it?"

"It is, sor!" replied Mrs. Mahony, for it was she, visibly agitated.

"Admiring the sky, and taking advantage of a little well-earned idleness to breathe the cool air, I suppose, Mrs. Mahony?" continued Uncle Henry, pleasantly.

"The same, sor!" responded Mrs. Mahony, all of a tremble!

Then Uncle Henry became confidential. "Will you walk a bit with me?" he said; and whatever Mrs. Mahony thought his intentions were, she decided to walk. They went a little way from the barn, and Uncle Henry suggested that they should sit down upon a convenient log and have a chat. Mrs. Mahony being seated, Uncle Henry said:

"I don't know whether you are Irish to the backbone or not, Mrs. Mahony; but if you are, you'll understand me when I say that when I want to take a drink, I want company, too!"

Poor Mrs. Mahony, so Uncle Henry says, actually shivered at this; whereupon Uncle Henry quickly produced Uncle John's flask and made her take a pull to recover herself. She took a good one; and after that, it didn't take long for them to finish all there was. Uncle Henry thereupon expressed his regret that they could not replenish the flask; and Mrs. Mahony said if he would not give her away to the 'ould gintleman,' she could tell where there was some prime stuff. Of course Uncle Henry agreed; and Mrs. Mahony led the way somewhat erratically to the barn. It was dark inside, and Uncle Henry lighted a lantern he found there, Mrs. Mahony telling him that the jar she knew of was down in one corner. Uncle Henry, lantern in hand, and at Mrs.

Mahony's request, led the way over the fodder, sinking to his knees as he went.

Suddenly a loud snore made him start. There was a scream from Mrs. Mahony, and then she stumbled as best she could out of the barn.

Uncle Henry thought it was Pilkins, and all at once, as he proceeded, stumbled over some one lying in the hay. He turned the light of his lantern upon this person, and discovered the Prussian apparently sound asleep.

Some one or something, stirring in the hay a little way off, made Uncle Henry look up, and he saw Pilkins stagger to his feet. Very promptly Uncle Henry put the lantern out. Pilkins staggered in the darkness out of the barn, and Uncle Henry, in following, struck his foot against something hard. He re-lit the lantern, and discovered a big jar. There was just enough liquor remaining in it to enable him to fill the flask: and this Uncle did.

It was impossible and useless for Uncle Henry to wake the Prussian, so he followed Pilkins to the house, where he put that young man to bed. The next morning Pilkins told his story.

"You know," he said, "I waited in the barn until I thought I should have to go back to the house, I grew so sleepy. Presently who should come in but the Prussian; and then of course I was wide awake in an instant! He looked all round carelessly, and took a fork and began tossing the hay towards the door. At last he had worked his way to one corner, where he threw the fork and the mask, as it were, aside, and pulled out a jar from the hay. He held the jar up, and shook it; and then tried to see into it. He shook it again, and said something in German that must have been swearing. At last, shaking his head and still muttering, he took a small tin cup from his pocket and had a hooker. At last, what with shaking

the jar and peeping into it and having liberal horns, fifteen minutes must have passed, and as I couldn't stand it any longer, I rose up and walked over to him.

"Mum's the word!" I said. 'Let's have a drink!'

"He understood that, and shoved the jar and the cup over to me with a grin.

"I had a drink, and then told him I had caught onto the jar racket, too: and at that a great light broke over his face, and he told me he was glad of that, as he saw it all now. Only the night before he had discovered that some one else had been at the jar: that is, some one else besides Uncle John, because he knew the exact amount Uncle John took, and the periods, too. He was glad to learn it was me. At that, I told him I hadn't had a taste from the jar before, and he started to swear in German again. I proposed that we should watch, as the person who had been at the jar might come along, and to this he agreed. Of course, while we were waiting, we trained the jar down to its proper weight.

"But in the interim, some one came into the barn, and made for our corner. At the same moment the Prussian was drinking, and some of the rye must have gone down the wrong way, as he began to cough. The person, whoever it was, gave a scream and scuttled off, and, as I was half seas over, I didn't follow very far, because I went head first down into the hay and nearly broke my neck. After that, we drew on the jar undisturbed, and at last I must have fallen asleep, as I remember nothing more."

That was P's story. Then Uncle John called Mrs. Mahony and the Prussian in, and we had a little sort of court martial. They denied at first, one stoically, the other vehemently, ever having seen the jars. But they collapsed at last, and were let off with a warning.

Of course, this was all very well so

far as the Prussian and Mrs. Mahony and Uncle Henry and Pilkins were concerned, and was, no doubt, very smart behavior on the part of the two last named. But no one could convince Uncle John and the Minister and young Weldon Peters and me that it wasn't an elaborate scheme to cheat us four. Uncle John promptly took charge of his big flask again, which held all the liquor there was in camp, and *that*, he said, must now be regarded from a strictly medicinal point of view, as no more could be obtained until the next supply of necessaries arrived.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Uncle John and I went off to fish; ostensibly, however, to inspect a creek, connecting two of the lakes, which Uncle John had some idea of converting into a canal. We made this excuse in deference to a theory of the Minister's that fishing was not for the Sabbath. The Minister himself, meanwhile, in company with Pilkins, rowed away to another lake to "enjoy the fine afternoon:" while the ladies all stayed in, preferring a siesta.

So we four rowed off, in pairs and in different directions. When Uncle John and I reached the shore for the purpose of following the path leading to another lake where we would have better luck, Uncle John decided to shed his coat and vest and leave them with the boat, as the day was hot.

We reached the second lake, and put out in the boat kept there. We had stopped at the first "hole," the anchor was down, our pipes were lighted, our lines were in, and altogether we were in a position and condition of comfort and expectancy, when Uncle John brought one large hand down upon his leg with an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" I asked blandly, as I hauled in my first trout, a beauty.

"Matter? Why, I've left that flask of mine back there in my coat pocket!"

"Anything in it?" I queried cau-

tiously, for I didn't want to be unnecessarily enthusiastic.

"Anything in it? Why, yes! Everything's in it! It's full! I haven't touched it since Henry gave it back to me yesterday!"

I suggested, possibly with too much eagerness, that I should run back for it; but whether Uncle John suspected my intentions or not, he would not agree, and we fished on.

This lake we were in is a really splendid bit of water. It is only fifteen or twenty acres in area, but it is a Geneva in miniature. The hills that rise abruptly all about it are high and heavily wooded with maple and fir and beech and pine; and when on a cloudy day the sun strikes through, the effect of the light suddenly falling upon the masses of velvet-like foliage is superb. Of equal beauty, too, is the effect, upon a clear day, of the shadow of some wandering nomadic cloud drifting lazily across the face of these hills, whose pale green is made golden by the touch of the sunshine.

Pilkins, who is an enthusiast on nature, wrote some rhymes about this lake. He breaks out that way when he isn't watched. Here are a couple of verses of what might have been a long and dangerous composition if P. had not been stopped in time:

"O lovely lake, so silent and so still!
Begirt by beauteous trees,—our maple green,
Dark pines umbrageous,—garments of each
hill

That seems to rise to the blue sky serene!
Man ne'er has viewed a more ennobling
scene!

"And when at night the clear and placid
moon
Breaks through the argent cloud, and bends
her rays
Upon thy face,—then, in the midnight moon,
When Luna on thy surface silv'ry pays,
I love to steer my bark through all thy watery
ways!"

Pilkins said there would have been probably forty-eight or forty-nine verses like that, the subject was so inspiring. We took care to let his

wife have the above verses; and if P. ever attempts to finish the horrible job at home, he will probably catch it. It will be seen that Pilkins is qualifying himself rapidly for the big magazines.

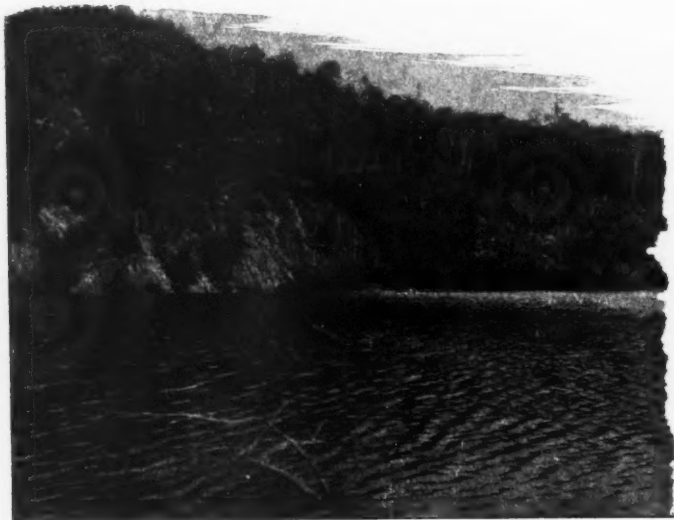
Uncle John and I turned our faces landing-ward at last, and with a fine catch to our credit. And what beauties these speckled trout are! We caught several that afternoon which subsequently scaled upward of a pound apiece, and there was a triumvirate

John went for his coat. I heard him gasp; and looking round, I saw him with the flask in his hand. It was empty, and the coat was very, very moist at that portion where the flask had reposed.

"Th— the stopper's loose, and every drop has run out!" moaned Uncle John.

"I thought you said you hadn't touched it?" I ventured.

"Not a drop!" protested Uncle John. "I can't account for it!" His



A CHARACTERISTIC SHORE LINE.

that weighed over six pounds together. How lovely they looked in their basket-bed of cedar and freshly picked maple leaves, these olive-backed, tortuously-marked, crimson-dotted, silkily-shining fellows, gleaming freshly from the cold, clear water of their late haunts and home! Uncle John was a proud man that day, for he had refuted the Minister's theory; and had he not captured twenty-seven twenty-eighths of the whole, while I had the one trout, first taken, to my credit!

When we reached the other lake where we had left our first boat, Uncle

face was so genuinely serious, and his voice so pathetic, that I had to believe him. But he couldn't expect that I was going to forgive such carelessness all at once.

We pulled away disconsolately toward the house. Rounding a bend, we came suddenly upon the Minister and Pilkins in their boat.

The Minister was sitting in the stern, on the small of his back, with a book before his nose. Pilkins was at the other end, and had a rod out.

The pair started when we pulled suddenly alongside, and the Minister

let his book fall. Uncle John broke into one of his characteristic basso profundo laughs, and said:

"So this is the way you don't fish on Sunday, eh? It's a fine afternoon, isn't it?"

"Well—er—really," spluttered the Minister. "Pilkins, I really had no idea you were fishing. Pull in that line instantly."

"Oh, that's all very well," I said. "But look here, what's *this*?" And I dangled the line which the parson had been holding over the side, and had released on seeing us, and which I had seen in the clear water in sufficient time to catch with my oar.

He hadn't anything to say after that, and tried to turn it off by facetiously asking what we had caught.

"A tartar," growled Uncle John; and he narrated the flask catastrophe. Whereat the Minister and Pilkins went off into fits of mirth, and we felt convinced they were at the bottom of it.

That night, while I was getting my traps together, for I had to return to town the following morning, I pumped Pilkins about the flask incident, and he finally admitted his guilt.

"The Parson and I rowed down there by chance," said he, "and saw the nose of the flask peeping out of the breast pocket of Uncle John's coat. It didn't take us long to go through the contents; then the next question was, how could we protect ourselves from suspicion, for, as we were the only others out, we knew the mischief would be laid at our door. So the Minister filled the flask up with water, and screwed the top on so that there would be a good, healthy leak, and put the flask back in the pocket. You know the rest."

The hired Prussian drove me the following morning to the "Farm," or Blanche Post Office, as it is postally known. It was at this point I had to catch the mail waggon, which would carry me to Thurso, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The drive to the

"Farm," in the fresh morning air, after a good breakfast, was exhilarating, and as it was in an open buggy, I had an opportunity of admiring the splendid ruggedness of the hills and ravines, and the glories of gleaming lake and mountain river.

The "Farm" is the head-quarters of the Edwards lumbering business. Here the men employed in cutting get their supplies. The "Farm" embraces a large and fine stretch of arable land. The soil is particularly good, as the manure of the teams employed in the woods during the winter is brought down in the summer, and used as a fertilizer. This farm is picturesquely bounded by the everlasting hills. Indeed, it reminded me of photos I had seen of South African agricultural country. The various shades of green embraced in the meadow-land, and the flora of the slopes and hills, with the morning sun shining down the valley through a great mountain cleft to the eastward, made the scene one fitted to fill the memory afterward in hours when the sight was weary of prosaic and urban sameness.

Away to the eastward, too, was Big Lake, three miles in length, shining as a million newly-minted silver dollars might, with the sun full upon them. The winter's cut is towed across this fine lake to the Blanche River, on the other side.

The "mail" referred to runs from Inlet Post Office, six miles north-east of the Farm, to Thurso. After leaving the Farm, the road is through heavily-wooded country, and is rough, but it rapidly improves as it runs toward the south. The mail vehicle, on the occasion of my acquaintance with it, was a stout buckboard, with a seating capacity for two, and the locomotive power, a well-built and large team.

It is twenty-two miles from the Inlet to Thurso, and the trip is made three times a week, rain or shine, as the lacrosse advertisers say. Altogether, six thousand eight hundred and sixty-four miles are travelled annually

in the carrying of this mail, and all for the sum of two hundred and nine dollars, that is to say, at the rate of about three cents a mile, over all sorts and conditions of roads, in storm and shine, through winter draughts and snows, through spring mud and freshets, through summer dust, through dark and light, and rain and hail and sunshine. The team has to be stabled and fed at Thurso, and the driver has to have his dinner there. The entire day is consumed in the going and returning. Besides this, there is the wear and tear upon the rig and horses, and the responsibility the driver has of being answerable for the safe delivery of the mails.

Up where he lives, the mail-man, who contracted by tender to render this mail service for four years, at \$209 a year, is considered a very rich man. Perhaps he is, but the reader can draw his own conclusions.

Half-way between the "Farm" and Thurso is the village of St. Malachie and from this point the country, sloping by gentle gradations towards the great and blue river Ottawa, seems to throw off gradually the picturesque wildness of the mountain, and to assume the soft garb of a pastoral country. The view was broad and varied now, and the landscapetoward the great river was dotted with fair farms and woods, and snuggling cottages. Behind us rose the great granitic face of the sphynx-like hills; and over all, gleaming on river and creek, shining upon the leaves and grain still wet with the last night's shower, and turning far-off fields and meadows into a thousand shades of green, shone the great sun.

Before we reached St. Malachie, with its Roman Catholic chapel, whose little bell calls across the quiet landscape to the good people of that region, we passed a number of men doing sta-

tutory labor upon the road. Farther on, a single rig, with a girl and young fellow in it, came toward us, and turned up a side road which we had not yet reached. The girl waved her hand to the men we had just passed.

"Good mor-r-rning!" she cried, gaily.

The men did not reply for a few moments; but when they did it was in a united and mighty chorus of good-natured derision. The girl tossed her head in humorous defiance, and laughed; and the men roared again.

When we reached the side road, and glanced up it, I saw the meaning of it all. The unoccupied seat space, due to the close proximity of the girl to her companion, left no doubt in my mind that they were a newly-married pair, doubtless returning from a brief honeymoon, or perhaps from the good curé's. I wonder how a city bride would like such a reception from her male acquaintances as that rustic one got at the hands, or rather mouths, of those sturdy fellows who were mending their roads?

A little way out of Thurso we crossed the Blanche River and saw the Edwards lumber cut filling the stream from bank to bank for one mile and a half to the Ottawa. I suppose there must have been one hundred thousand logs in that drive; and they constituted an impressive sight, and an unanswerable testimony to the magnitude of Canada's great industry. These logs ran, in worth, apiece, from two to twenty dollars; so that there must have been half a million dollars' worth of logs floating in the river on that fine summer's morning, soon to be towed to the great and busy mills at Rockland above, and to be converted into that great necessary,—lumber.

Thurso at last, and the great river! And then in one brief hour—home!

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

BY CHARLES T. LONG.

THE month of March of the current year will long be memorable in Japan on account of the celebration, the first in the record of the royal family, of the silver wedding of the august monarch, His Imperial Majesty Mutsu Hito, the 123rd sovereign in direct line of succession who has sat upon the throne. Born at Kioto, the old capital, on the 3rd of November, 1852, the second son of the late Emperor, Komei, His Majesty was declared heir apparent in 1860, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father on the 13th of February, 1867, at a time when the entire land was from end to end torn and distracted by all the agony of a bitterly fought Revolutionary War, and when it seemed not improbable that serious implications with foreign powers might any day be added to civil strife. On the 9th of February, 1869, the young Emperor, then little more than sixteen years of age, was married to the gracious lady who now shares his throne, the Empress Haruka, daughter of Prince Ichijo Tadaka, a noble of the first rank, the head of one of the Go Sekkei, the "five assisting families," from whose members alone, under the old régime, could the highest officers of the state be chosen. Twenty-five years have now passed since that day, years which to this land and its people have been productive of reform and progress to a degree for which a parallel might in vain be sought in the history of any other nation in ancient or modern times. Ten years prior to it, Japan had been roughly awakened from the seclusion from all the rest of the world in which she had contentedly, nay proudly, slumbered for centuries, and the lesson had been forced upon her that she could no

longer be allowed to remain, as she had been, a nation entirely apart from all others. The lesson was unwillingly learned: its study was accompanied by much suffering and distress, by much of what could not be other than bitter humiliation to those whose ancestors had for centuries been accustomed to regard themselves as the very salt of the earth, as inhabitants of the land of the Gods, as members of the most privileged class in the land. And throughout the whole intervening period, till the accession of the young Emperor, the most earnest desire in every patriotic Japanese heart was the expulsion by force of the rude foreign barbarians who had come as uninvited and unwelcome guests. This desire found vent in one of the principal rallying cries of the revolutionary party who overthrew the Shogun or Tycoon, by whom the government of the empire had been usurped for eight centuries, and it was fondly hoped that one of the first uses of his newly acquired power to be made by the young Emperor and his advisers and supporters would be against the foreigner. But among his advisers, fortunately, were many wise, far-seeing and enlightened statesmen, who, while they had been perfectly willing to make use of the cry of "Expulsion of the hated foreigner," so long as it was useful in bringing to their help adherents whose services could be enlisted in no other way, yet clearly saw that Japan, single-handed, could not contend against the united Powers of the West, that no longer could she hope ever to regain her old isolation, and that since intercourse with foreigners must of necessity be accepted, the wisest and best course was to profit as far as possible by it, to introduce

into their country the products of science in which the foreigners so much excelled, and to substitute for a grinding feudalism a constitutional government under which all men should possess equal rights and all should be safe in the full and unrestricted enjoyment of life, liberty and property. Fortunately for the country, the counsels of these men prevailed. Even before the last acts of the Revolutionary War—when the scene of the fighting had been removed from the vicinity of the Emperor's capital in the south to the far north, where the last adherents of the Tycoon carried on a hopeless struggle—the young Emperor publicly gave his sanction to the treaties previously concluded by the usurper with Foreign Powers; the diplomatic representatives of these Powers in Japan were invited to an audience in the sacred capital; and to the people at large it was thus notified that the friendship of the once despised and hated foreigner was thenceforth to be cultivated as that of an equal. And as to the internal economy of the empire, not only did the young Sovereign preside in person over the meetings of the Daijokwan, the supreme council of the Government, but, in the presence of its assembled members, including the highest nobles in the land, he took a solemn oath to the effect that a deliberative assembly should be constituted; that merit should be sought for and officials chosen on account of its possession; that justice should be impartially and rightly administered; and that the evil customs of bygone days should be gradually but rigidly eliminated. Soon afterwards the capital was removed from its ancient seat in Kioto to Tokio, and the Emperor left the city which for over twenty centuries had been the abode of his ancestors, to take up his residence in another which was a mere mushroom in point of years as compared with the venerable and sacred Kioto. In this city, with occasional

absences on short visits to other parts of his dominions, he has since steadily remained, and here was celebrated, last March, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding.

It is by no means an easy task for Europeans, especially for English and Americans, to form any idea of the immense change that the Revolution caused in the position of the Sovereign of Japan towards her people. In 660 B.C. the Emperor Jimmu ascended the throne. From that date down to the twelfth century of the Christian era the government was, at least nominally, entirely in the hands of his successors. But in the middle of that century all real power was wrested from them by military adventurers, by successive families of whom the Government was administered, nominally as the Emperor's vice-regents, but in reality with absolute independence, down to the year 1868. The last family of these usurpers was that of Tokugawas, whose founder was Iyeyasu, perhaps the greatest of all the Shoguns. By him Tokio was first established, and the whole empire reduced to a condition of peace and order that remained unbroken for over two centuries.

The Vice-regency of Iyeyasu lasted from 1603 to 1617, and in 1868, when the Revolution took place, the vice-regal throne was occupied, for the fifteenth and last time, by a member of his family. In the meantime, the true and legitimate sovereigns were little more than names to their subjects, though names invested with a sanctity that was little short of divine. From the twelfth century down to the Revolution, forty-six sovereigns had in succession filled the throne, but the lives of each and all had been passed in absolute seclusion in their palaces in the sacred capital of Kioto. All were direct descendants of the Gods, and all were supposed to be direct and actual inheritors of all the virtues and holiness which the Gods themselves possessed. Their persons were too sacred to be allowed to touch the ground, to

be exposed to the same air that was breathed by ordinary mortals, or to the sun. No subjects dare gaze on them except their immediate personal attendants, nor touch nor handle the dishes from which they had eaten, nor the clothing they had worn. Their palace in Kioto was large enough to form a small town of itself, in the very centre of which was the sacred dwelling of the sovereign, the whole being carefully guarded by soldiers in the employment and pay of the Shogun. The duty of these soldiers was nominally to secure the safety of the sovereign for the time being, and his family, but in reality to see on their master's behalf, that no attempt was made by the sovereign to recover the active government of the empire, which had been wrested from him. From such a life the present Emperor was rescued by the Revolution of 1868, and since that year few sovereigns in Europe could have taken a more active part in their government than His present Majesty of Japan has done in that of his empire, nor show more effectively than he has done, in every way that it is possible for a sovereign to take, a warm and intelligent interest in every measure that is calculated to promote the happiness, the prosperity, and the advancement of his people. It is not possible in this article to detail even a fraction of the changes which he has seen take place in his empire, nor of the active part which he himself has taken in their promotion and encouragement. But three great functions stand out, perhaps, in prominence among all those which he has from time to time performed.

The first of these three was the inauguration in 1872 of the first railway constructed in Japan: the second, in 1890, when the first Parliament, elected by the suffrages of people, under a constitution granted by himself, was opened by him in the presence of Peers and Commoners, and all the great dignitaries of court and state; and the

third and last was that which has just been celebrated, one more immediately personal to His Majesty and his Consort, but honored with no less acclamation and rejoicing on the part of all his subjects than were accorded to the other two.

The day fixed for this celebration, a month later than the date of the actual anniversary, had been eagerly looked forward to, and every preparation that was possible had been made to ensure its entire success. Excursion trains brought into the capital from all parts a huge influx of country visitors. Japanese art and foreign science had both been called upon to contribute to the decoration of the streets by day and their illumination by night. Triumphal arches had been erected in many parts of the city, especially in those through which their Majesties were to pass during the day, and streets, already gay with countless flags and lanterns, should have presented a brilliant sight, densely thronged as they would have been, and indeed actually were, with gaily dressed crowds of enthusiastic holiday makers.

All that was required was fine weather, and that unfortunately failed. Heavy rains fell during the previous night and through the whole of the evening and night of the day itself, spoiling the illuminations, and covering the streets with mud so as to make passage through them the reverse of easy or agreeable. But nothing dampened the ardour of the people. All day long they thronged every leading thoroughfare, and in tens of thousands they lined in dense crowds both sides of the long routes of two or three miles along which their Majesties were to pass while on the way to the review of the troops on the Aoyama parade ground. The day, as is usual in the Japanese court, began early for their Majesties. At eight in the morning, a religious service was celebrated in the chapel of the palace, in the presence of all the members of the Im-

perial family and the high court and state officials, at which both the Emperor and Empress assisted in the old Japanese ceremonial dress. On this followed continuous receptions, at one of which the entire *personnel*, including the ladies of all foreign legations in the capital, were present, and the congratulatory messages that had been sent by letter or by telegram by sovereigns in Europe, and by the President of the United States, were presented to their Majesties by the chief diplomatic representative in each case. Then, at 1.30 p.m., their Majesties left the palace for the review, riding in the same carriage, escorted by a regiment of Lancers of the Guard, and followed by a long string of state carriages, little inferior in splendor to that in which their Majesties rode themselves, containing the princes and princesses and the ladies and high officials of the court. The troops of all services at the review numbered over 10,000, and notwithstanding the heavy state of the ground, the march past the royal standard was performed with a steadiness and precision that won high praise from all the European military and naval experts on the ground. The return to the palace was made in heavy rain, which, however, seemed to exercise little or no influence on the enthusiasm of the crowds lining the streets, and greeting their Majesties, as they passed, with cheers both loud and vigorous, and though, of course, the carriages were all, of necessity, closed, the curtains were drawn back, and ample opportunity was afforded to the people to gaze upon the faces of their revered sovereign and his consort. In the evening a grand banquet, over which their Majesties presided in person, was served in the banquet hall of the palace, at which 160 guests, including the foreign representatives and their wives, were present, and this was followed by a reception, to which some six hundred guests had been invited. Included among the latter were all the field

officers of the army stationed in Tokio, naval officers of corresponding rank, high civil officials not of ministerial rank (those of the latter grade had been present at the banquet), the entire staffs and all the ladies of the foreign legations, and the principal employés of the Japanese Government. When all had assembled, they were summoned to the Throne Room, the usual arrangements of which had been slightly altered for the occasion.

The throne had been removed, and a temporary dais erected, on which chairs were placed for their Majesties. Directly opposite their Majesties' seats a stage, covered with dark green cloth, had been raised very slightly above the floor, but to a lower elevation than that of the dais on which their Majesties were to take their places. On both sides of the room, at right angles to the dais and stage, were three rows of chairs, and on each side of and behind the dais were two rows. Those on the right hand side of the room were allotted to the Japanese dignitaries and their wives; those in the front row, to their Majesties' right hand, were occupied by the wives of the Prime Minister and of the principal members of the Cabinet. Facing these ladies, in the corresponding position on the left-hand side of the room, and to the left hand of their Majesties, were the wives of the foreign ministers, immediately behind whom again were seated the other ladies from the several legations. All other ladies present were provided with seats, but, of the Japanese present, only the very highest dignitaries, and of the foreigners, only the Chefs de Mission, were similarly accommodated, the capacity of the throne room being taxed to the utmost to afford even comfortable standing space for the remainder. All the guests having assembled, their Majesties soon entered the room, the Empress leaning on the Emperor's arm, immediately followed by the princes and princesses of the imperial family, and by a long train of court officials

and ladies, the entire assemblage, of course, rising and bowing. Having graciously returned the salutations, the imperial couple took their places on the dais. The several princes now seated themselves on the immediate right hand, in a line with the dais, and the princesses in the same way on the left, the court ladies and officials behind. A performance of ancient Japanese music and dancing was then given, consisting of four pieces:—

1. Banzairaku.—Music composed 1,300 years ago by the Emperor Yomei, and describing the happy flight, in the golden age, of a bird of Paradise,

2. Enguiraku.—Music composed 987 years ago by General Fujiwara Tada-fusa, with accompanying contemporaneous dance, arranged by Prince Otsumi.

3. Taiheiraku.—Music, reset about 1,037 years ago, from Chinese originals, representing the tranquillization of the Empire, and the reformation of all abuses.

4. Bario.—Music introduced from India to Japan during the reign of the Emperor Shiomu, 1,160 years ago, with dance representing the idea of submission of enemies.

All the performers were men, members of families that have for a score of generations been exclusively employed as musicians and dancers in the imperial family. The music was of the indescribably weird type that is usual in Japan, but the dancers, though grave and solemn, were picturesque and artistic in the highest degree the dancing, accompanied as it was by graceful sword sweepings and lance movements, being especially striking. The performance lasted about an hour and a-half, and on its conclusion the Emperor and Empress at once rose and retired amidst the same reverential salutations as those with which they had been greeted on entering. His Majesty, before leaving, conveyed to the Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique, through the Court Chamberlain, the expression of his

desire that, though fatigue after the long day compelled himself and the Empress to withdraw, his guests should remain. Supper was subsequently served in the Grand Banqueting Hall, the court band playing at the same time, and it was not until an advanced hour in the early morning that the guests commenced to take their departure. Each guest who had dined in the palace received, as a memento of the occasion, a silver statuette of a stork and tortoise, the emblems in Japan of a long life, and the remainder silver bonbonnières, with a stork and tortoise engraved on the lid.

The imperial palace is situated right in the centre of Tokio, in the midst of a lordly park, and surrounded by massive battlements and a wide and deep moat, the two latter, relics of the days in which the Tokugawa Shoguns held sway and secured their safety much as did the feudal barons, in the middle ages of England and Germany. Within these battlements successive Shoguns lived and died, but, very shortly after the Restoration, all the splendid buildings that constituted the dwellings of themselves, their families, and their retainers, were swept away by fire, and not a single roof was left standing, and only the park remained to testify, by its extent and beauty, the magnificence of the buildings which had stood within its precincts. For many years subsequently the Emperor resided in a temporary palace, which is still occasionally used, but, in 1883, an appropriation of about \$3,000,000 was made by the Government for the erection of a new palace on the site of that which had been destroyed. To this amount were added large contributions, both of money and material, voluntarily made by wealthy Japanese, while many of the most distinguished artists in the country gratuitously lent their skill and service in the decorative work. More than five years were occupied in its construction, and it was not until 1889 that the Emperor took up his residence in it.

Externally, the buildings occupied by the Emperor are in the purest Japanese style. Internally, the ordinary Japanese custom of low ceilings to large rooms has been departed from, and all the principal rooms are constructed with ceilings sufficiently high, and with space enough to give each an air of royal grandeur. Each room is enclosed on three sides by heavy sliding doors of plate glass, set in lacquered frames, the result being that from any single room there appears to be an almost endless vista of crystal chambers. Every ceiling is in itself a work of art, being divided into numerous panels by lacquered ribs, every one of which contains a beautifully executed painting or embroidery. The walls are throughout covered with the richest brocades, and the decorative work is, in every possible detail, well worthy of Japanese artists of the highest class, who put forth their very best and most painstaking efforts in honor of their imperial master. The two principal rooms are the banqueting hall and the throne room. The former is of the most noble and imposing proportions, being over five hundred square yards in area, and of corresponding height; the broad expanse of its ceiling glows with gold and rich colors; the wall, which, as in the other principal rooms, is only on one side, is hung with the richest and costliest silk that can be turned out of Japanese looms, and the three remaining sides are practically all of plate glass. The throne room is smaller,

but its decorations are, if possible, of more superb magnificence than those of the banqueting hall. The scene in it during the performance of the dancing was of a degree of brilliance that will not speedily fade from the memories of those who were privileged to witness it. The room, though lighted entirely with candles, was most vividly illuminated, the light being, no doubt, greatly intensified by the plate-glass sliding doors, by which the room is enclosed on three sides. Above these doors, and on the fourth side, the lofty walls were hung with handsome, bright, crimson and gold curtains in festoons, the whole crowned by a richly decorated ceiling in amber and gold and other soft and harmonious colors. On the dais sat their Majesties, in whose honor all had assembled, the Emperor in a general's uniform, and the Empress in an exquisitely made robe of white satin, sparkling with diamonds, and wearing a large diamond coronet. On either side were their Majesties' near relatives, and opposite were the dancers, all men of unusual stature, dressed in rich, ancient costumes and helmeted, going through their silent performance with the utmost impressive solemnity. The diplomatic officials of the United States wore no distinctive uniform. They were in ordinary evening dress, but with these exceptions, every one present was in full court uniform, and the toilettes of the ladies, in every instance, well fitted with the unique beauty of the general scene.



GABLE ENDS.

THE LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD.

At 105 Brattle Street, Cambridge, stands a hospitable-looking mansion, dear to the American people for its association with their greatest general and their most widely recognized poet. Here Washington made his headquarters during his stay in Cambridge, and here Longfellow passed the last forty-six years of his life. If "all houses wherein men lived and died are haunted houses," what noble phantoms must glide through this old colonial pile, for here used to gather so many of earth's greatest men—Holmes, Emerson, the gentle Hawthorne, James Russell Lowell, and the great and simple scientist who began his will—"I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

Apart from its associations, the house is interesting. It is supposed to be one hundred and fifty years old. Built in the substantial style of the pre-revolutionary period, with many windows and doors, it is thoroughly in keeping with the eminent respectability of the university town. Everything about it is expressive of comfort, without superfluous luxury. The extensive gardens surrounding the house, and the Longfellow meadows on the opposite side of the street, are but one of the many examples by means of which much natural beauty is retained in the necessarily somewhat artificial life of Boston and Cambridge. Looking farther about us, we find that nearly every spot in the neighborhood has some claim upon our attention. Farther up the street is the house of James Russell Lowell, who succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. Not far from the corner of the street is the Harvard Annex, under the shadow of the Washington elm, while across the Common are seen the chief buildings of the University to which the poet gave the best years of his life.

When, in 1836, Longfellow was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages in Harvard, he boarded at this house, then called the Craigie Mansion. Conceiving a great liking for the former home of the

Father of his country, he resolved to buy the place when he had money enough. Probably this house was in his mind when he described the Wayside Inn as

"Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

One does not wonder at the poet's taste, if the Longfellow house of 1893 bears any resemblance to the Craigie Mansion of 1836. The well-kept terraces in front of the house, the lilacs and Virginia creeper hiding the fence, the pigeons flying over the roof, all suggest the peaceful home of the scholar, while the heavy door which might be taken for the portal of some mediæval castle, with its quaint old brass knobs and locks, seems to remind us of the warrior who once dwelt within. So few changes have been made in the house during the last decade that, when once we have crossed the threshold, we feel as if in the presence of the "Owners and occupants of earlier date." Half way up the stairs stands an old English hall clock which, though not the original of the "Old Clock on the Stairs," suggests to us all the changing scenes that it has witnessed.

On the left hand side of the hall is the drawing-room in which General and Lady Washington used to receive, while opposite it is Longfellow's study, still kept as it was when he was alive. In one corner of this room stands another tall clock, though much less handsome than the one on the stairs. The several carved book-cases and the "pleasant pictures" at once recall Whittier's description of the poet as he sat in the old historic mansion on his last birthday. This study is the castle mentioned in "The Children's Hour," by whose three unguarded doors the blue-eyed banditti used to enter, and here is shown the chair in which the poet used to sit between the dark and the daylight. The study table is still kept as if in constant use. On it is Coleridge's inkstand, which was sent over to Longfellow after the Lake poet's death. On the plate is the inscription:—

"Saml. Taylor Coleridge,
his inkstand."

Another prized relic is the pen given to Longfellow by Helen Hamlin; it is made from a piece of the pillar of the Prison of Chillon to which it is supposed that Bonivard was chained. A photograph of his grandchildren, and two or three pictures of the white-haired poet himself, stand on the library table, while around them are strewn some of his favorite books. Among the portraits on the wall are those of Emerson and Hawthorne, and one of Longfellow painted by his son.

Perhaps the most interesting object in the room is the chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree," and given to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday by the school children of Cambridge. It is stained black, as may be inferred from the poet's calling it a "splendid ebony throne." It is upholstered in green leather, and is decorated with carving of conventionalized horse-chestnut leaves. The following stanza from the "Village Blacksmith" is carved in German letters about the seat:—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

The inscription on a brass plate underneath the cushion is:—

TO
THE AUTHOR
OF

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

This chair, made from the wood of the

'spreading chestnut tree' is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by

THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations

ON

THIS ANNIVERSARY,

February 27th. 1879.

A water-color of the chestnut tree stands on a book-case near the chair.

Outside the house as well, we are reminded of the poet's love for trees. The beautiful grounds extend far in the rear of the house, and are well wooded. A path lined with trees on either side leads to a summer house, standing among tall pines. Nearer the front are rows of locust trees, surrounded by rather stiff-looking flower beds, hedged in with box-wood. Close by the house, ferns grow luxuriantly, and violets nestle in the grass, while the honeysuckles, the grape trellises, and the old-fashioned garden seats, make us forget that the busy streets of a great city are not far off. But this calm retreat is not unknown to many of the toilers of the town. Here, once a year, Miss Alice Longfellow entertains some of the working girls of Boston, shows them her father's study, and its sacred treasures, and afterwards takes them up to visit his grave in Mount Auburn cemetery.

As we unwillingly turn away from this interesting home, we are reminded of its similarity to that of Miles Standish, in that it was once the dwelling place of a fighter and a writer,—the latter himself a descendant of the stripling who shared the Plymouth captain's hospitality.

HONORA S. HOWARD.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Veteran of 1812. The Life of James Fitz-Gibbon. By Mary Agnes Fitz-Gibbon. Toronto, Wm. Briggs; Montreal, C.W. Coates; Halifax, G. F. Huestis.

The book before us gives the life of a very noteworthy and active man, who played an important part in the stirring times of 1812-14. The first chapter gives a short account of Fitz-Gibbon's boyhood—of his early associates, his reading, and his farm duties on the south bank of the Shannon.

When only fifteen years of age, the French

threatened to invade Ireland, and appeared off Bantry Bay. The boy joined a yeomanry corps, and thus began his military career. At that period the English were bated in Ireland. A regiment of English troops were stationed in the little village. A friendship soon sprang up between the sergeant and young Fitz-Gibbon. He joined the Tarbut Fencibles, and soon found himself stationed in England to do garrison duty. On August 6th, 1799, he was drafted as sergeant into the 49th, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. In a few days he was on his way to Holland. The brigade to which

he belonged, Sir John Moore's, was marched to the Helder. It will be seen that the hero of the book was early in good military company. Who "amongst us does not know by heart "The Burial of Sir John Moore;" or, has not heard of that grand old war song, "We'll follow Abercrombie on the banks of the Nile."

After the Holland campaign, we follow Fitz-Gibbon back to Horsham barracks. The Grenadier company to which he belonged was detailed for active marine service, and he soon found himself on board the *St. George*, a three-decker of ninety-four guns, bearing the colors of Lord Nelson. The fleet was anchored below Elsinore, March 29th, 1801. On the 1st of April, we find him on board the *Monarch*, which did the lion's share of the fighting in the battle of the Baltic, in front of Copenhagen.

On his return from this scene of action, we find him in great distress over £2 of an error in his accounts as pay sergeant. He wrote the Duke of York at once. The matter was looked into, and it was found that the error arose out of his poor knowledge of book-keeping. All the while, Fitz-Gibbon knew he had not appropriated the money.

In 1802, he and his company were sent to Canada. On the way, he mastered every one of the new rules prepared for the army by Sir John Moore. In 1806, Colonel Brock obtained an ensign's commission for his "favorite sergeant-major," for he had not been forgotten by the Duke of York, who remembered the lad, and his application for protection. He succeeded to the adjutancy a little later.

When, in 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain and her colonies, Fitz-Gibbon resigned his adjutancy in order to take command of one of the companies of the 49th. Then began his real work. In charge of forts, supply parties, companies, and on the battlefield, our hero was ever active.

After the close of the war, we find him several times, with much tact, quelling the riots that troubled so many parts of Upper Canada for years prior to 1837.

Then came again a memorable period. The rumblings of discontent in the two provinces were keenly noted by Fitz-Gibbon. He gave much valuable advice to Sir Francis Bond Head, but it was not heeded. The rebellion of 1837, under Mackenzie and Papineau, followed. We now find Fitz-Gibbon in charge of the forces for the defence of Toronto.

After this, he filled several important positions—one of these, that of judge in the military court. His case was freely discussed, and finally a grant of £1 000, with £300 a year as a pension, was made in 1845-46.

He retired to England in 1847, and became one of the "Military Knights of Windsor." He took much interest in public affairs, and his extensive knowledge of Canada made his opinions of great value. He gave valued aid in promoting the welfare of soldiers and sailors, and in the education of children. With the views of Sir Charles Napier he sympathized, and thought that, had Napier's advice been taken, the great Indian Mutiny might have been averted. But the relationship between Sir Charles and the

directors of the East India Company recalled his own with Sir Francis Head prior to the Rebellion of 1837.

The volume is a handsome one. The publishers have done excellent work on it. We heartily commend this volume to the Canadian reader. The authoress deserves the thanks of all interested in the country, for giving them so much valuable historical matter in a way which, if lacking somewhat in clearness and in felicity of expression, is yet very pleasing in the abundance of its interesting details. There is not a young man in the country but would be the better for reading it. J. F.

Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation. By James Douglas. G. B. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1894. Price, 75 cents.

This little volume of 114 pp. is No. 78 of the "questions of the day" series. It is written by a Canadian who has been for about twenty years in the United States and has travelled much and investigated thoroughly their business life.

We say at the outset that the work is a masterpiece. It is not the hasty product of a little spare time, but the mature judgment, after long years of study, of a careful observer and a clear thinker.

The author is of the decided opinion that the future of Canada is hardly to be found in the present condition of things. He does not think that the present relationship to the Mother Country can always continue. He thinks the parental control stage of Canadian history has ended, and remarks, "Now that this period has passed, it will be as ignominious to remain dependent and accept support from the parent state, as it is on the part of a full-grown man to look to his sire, not only for counsel, but for assistance." The author is strongly of opinion that as Canada does not support an army and navy of her own, and depends upon Britain for defence, that she should be denied the power of compromising the parent state. Most people will concur in this view. Serious complications might arise and create a crisis.

While the author thinks it is clear that some remedy will have to be applied ere long to the body politic in Canada, the relationships towards Britain being of a friendly character, it is difficult to see in what direction the change may tend. The present "circumstances do not point out any conspicuous goal as that toward which Canada should steer."

Imperial Federation is calmly discussed. The author contends that to bring about federation, Canada must first become independent before she can federate. The colonies could not be federated states, if subject even to a nominal control. The many difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation are clearly stated, such as the balance of power of the executive, legislative and judicial branches; to define the functions of the elective representatives of the Federal Council; to apportion representation to it. All these, and many other problems could only be solved where all the contracting

parties are completely independent of any paramount power.

If Imperial Federation ever takes place, "Sentiment, even more than self-interest, must be the federating force." But this would not be a strong foundation to build a great Empire upon, where many conflicting self-interests would be constantly looming up for settlement. To the author, therefore, this destiny for Canada becomes an impossibility. Self-interest might at any time destroy what sentiment had created.

The remaining alternatives, independence or annexation, receive full consideration. The author deals with the many disadvantages of annexation. If there be any Canadians who look to this solution of the question as a cure-all for every evil now thought to exist, I would advise them to read this book of Mr. Douglas'. In trade, manufactures, mining, lumbering, and wages, he gives strong reasons for thinking that we would not be any the better for political union; and the author very properly remarks that any improvements in these particulars that could be effected by annexation can be equally well accomplished by proper trade relationships, without the shock that must result from the former.

"Canada has only 5,000,000 of people to

clothe and house; would her lot be any better were she coupled with her 63,000,000 of neighbors? We doubt it." This is frank enough.

But again the author states, "Canada must, therefore, face the fact that she has serious physical and geographical obstacles to contend against, and be content to make haste slowly. This, after all, is a lesser evil than being overrun by a large horde of ignorant alien immigrants." We think, from present indications it would have been as well if the United States some time ago had adopted the advice of Horace—*festinare lente*.

"There is in Canada a latent suspicion that something is wrong," says the author. But he thinks that Canadians should look to their own business methods in search of the remedy, and not to some external means, such as drastic political changes, of relieving their troubles. The style throughout is calm and judicial, the matter good and the form excellent. We can commend highly this little book.

J. F.

* "It is possible for Canada to remain independent, and yet prove to her neighbor that civility is not servility, and that independent units of the race may be more helpful to one another, and more stimulating to healthy political and commercial rivalry than if organically one." Such plain talk is well calculated to make people think. J. F.

SCIENTIFIG NOTES.

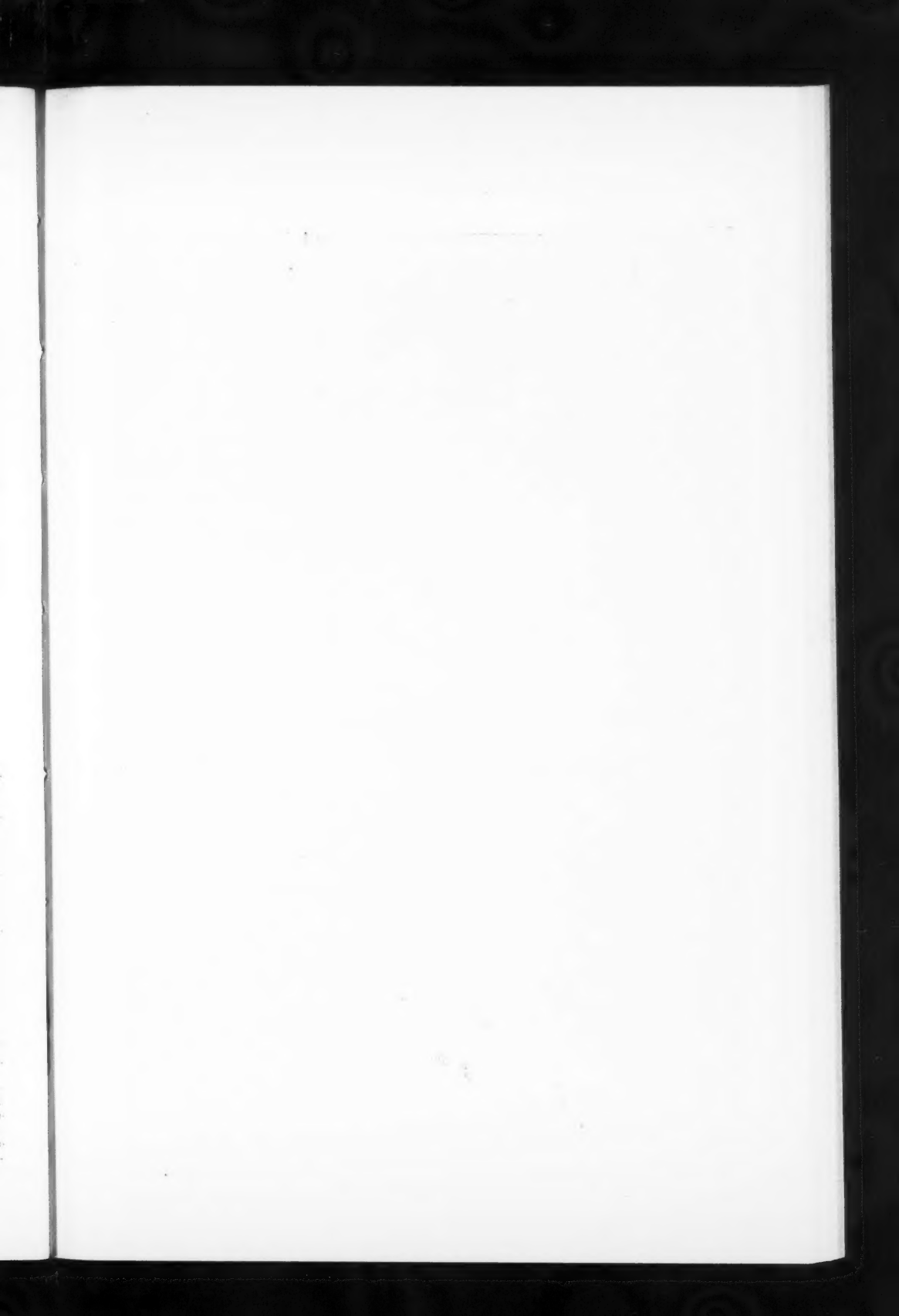
Mercury was visible in the evening during the last days of June; in continuing his journey, passed between the earth and the sun in July, and was hidden from us by the rays of solar during the greater part of the month. The planet was in a line between us and the sun at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th, and rising earlier and earlier each day, he will become a morning star during the first half of August. At this time, his position will be in Cancer not very far from Praesepe, the "Beehive." He should be fairly well seen as he works his way into Leo, a Constellation which he enters about the 22nd of the month.

Venus slowly receded from us and moved around the sun. On the 1st of July, her disc was three-fourths illuminated; it will be almost circular on the 30th of August. Shortly before day-break on the 28th of July, Jupiter was in the same field with U Geminorum, the difference between the two bodies being only some three minutes of arc, a distance so small that, to the naked eye, the objects appeared as a most beautiful though very wide and unequal double-star, U Geminorum being of the third magnitude, while Jupiter much exceeded a first magnitude star in brilliance.

Mars will come into good position for study soon after midnight by the 1st of August, the planet being about thirty degrees above the

Eastern horizon. So far as observers in this country are concerned, Mars will be better situated for telescopic work than he was in 1892, the year he caused so much excitement, as he was then very far south of the celestial equator, and, therefore, best placed for examination from the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. The surface markings should be seen to better advantage than they were two years ago, though the planet will be somewhat more distant from us than it was then. Some of these markings can be detected in small telescopes, and can be made out very well in instruments of medium aperture. Though Mars will for some years continue to rise higher and higher in our skies as he passes his oppositions, he will at the same time be more and more distant. For this reason, among others, he should be well and carefully studied during the month of August, September, October, and November, which will be certain to embrace some of the best observing weather in the year.

Jupiter and Neptune are improving as subjects for observation, but they will not be well placed until about September. Neptune is the most difficult of the planets to pick up, because, owing to his enormous distance, a really fine telescope is required to show him with an appreciable disc.





THE WHIRLPOOL—NIAGARA RIVER.